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THE news from Paris is bad. All the efforts of the League Council to bring Japan to reason have proved fruitless and, as we write, there is a complete deadlock. Equally bad, or worse, is the news from Manchuria. On Wednesday there was a battle on the Nonni river, in which the Japanese overwhelmed a much larger force of Chinese under General Ma. The victors have occupied Anganchi on the Chinese Eastern Railway, and the town of Tsitsihar some miles to the north. They are thus in the Russian sphere of influence, and if they are going to dig themselves in there, the situation will be extremely dangerous. It is in any case serious, for the Chinese Eastern Railway, which is operated jointly by the U.S.S.R. and China, is a continuation of the Trans-Siberian, and its occupation in this region must paralyse the traffic between Vladivostok and Moscow and cause material loss to the Russians.

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It is little more than a week ago that the newspapers of Paris and London, with the *Daily Mail* in the van, were circulating reports of mischievous Russian activities. The Soviet Government, it was said, were assisting the Chinese with munitions and with the loan of officers and men. Mr. Litvinoff emphatically denied the truth of these rumours, and made a strong protest to the Japanese Ambassador in Moscow. The *Daily Mail*, so far as we could see, made no reference to this denial and protest. The charge of aggressive intentions on the part of Russia is absurd to anyone who understands the facts; the last thing she wants, at a moment when all her energies are absorbed in the business of the Five Year Plan, is war. Nor do the Japanese, we should imagine, want war with Russia; they have quite enough on hand for the present with the Chinese. But if trouble should come out of their action on the Eastern Railway, could even the *Daily Mail* persuade its readers that the Bolsheviks were the aggressors?

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The *Daily Mail*, which always loves war as a fly loves carrion, has also started to retail unsubstantiated stories of Chinese atrocities. On the eve of Sir John Simon's departure to Paris it stated that he, at any rate, was not the kind of man to be "carried away by the fanatical pacifists." In the Beaverbrook Press, which personifies the religion of nationalism in its maddest form, there is open rejoicing that the League is impotent. If such papers were alone in refusing to understand the obligations incurred by membership of the League of Nations, no great harm might be done. But the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* follow the almost unanimous French press in taking the Japanese side in the dispute. This is an extraordinary and discreditable fact. For whatever the merits of the

Japanese case against China—and no one wishes to prejudice that doubtful issue—Japan is at the moment indisputably in the wrong. By refusing to withdraw to her own railway zone and give arbitration its chance, she has put herself out of court. It is bad enough that there should be war between China and Japan, and that the League should be powerless to prevent it. But what is really worse, on the long view, is that influential organs of public opinion in the member States of the League should be indifferent to or contemptuous of the solemn obligations involved in League membership.

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The biggest question in international economic policy at the moment is that of the relative priority of claims on Germany for reparations and for payment of commercial debts or of interest on private investments. The French, who have little money in Germany, on either long or short term, want reparations to take priority. We and the Americans are both far more interested in "unfreezing" short-term commercial credits and in getting our interest on loans and investments. Great Britain's concern is, indeed, mainly with short-term obligations, whereas the United States has heavy long-term investments also at stake. Obviously, neither of the parties to this argument can hope to get its way entirely, and there will have to be a compromise between the French and the British-American points of view. A complete repudiation of Germany's commercial debts, as Mr. Baldwin pointed out the other day, would mean the complete destruction of her credit, and with that gone where would reparations be?

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France is now beginning to be made uncomfortable by the troubles which have harassed the rest of us—and for which she herself is largely responsible. She has already been driven by the fall of the pound to impose a surtax of 15 per cent. on dumped goods from several countries, including Great Britain, and at lower rates in other cases; and she is awaiting with alarm and annoyance the development of protectionist schemes on this side of the Channel. Meanwhile, her own figures of unemployment are mounting. The Chamber has been debating unemployment insurance, and the Government have been urged to speed up their programme of public works. It is said that 21,000, or 7 per cent., of the French miners are idle, and over 200,000 on short time; while coal imports at dumping prices have enormously increased. A deputy from Alsace reported a decrease (which he attributed to rationalisation) of 85,000 workers in the potash industry; and production has fallen in other important industries. Perhaps, as time goes on—and as unemployment goes up—the statesmen in Paris will see some connection between their foreign policy and their domestic discontents.

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The Round Table Conference, which the Government had intended to close on Wednesday, will now continue for another week, and will discuss the four subjects which it has been the aim of the Conservatives to avoid. These are, of course, the four subjects which are the most important if a Federal Government is ever to be set up, and about which there is a definite division of opinion between the British Government and the overwhelming majority of educated Indians—the future of the army, the control of Foreign Affairs, the prevention of discrimination against European business, and the financial safeguards required during the transition period. Sir Samuel Hoare appears to have tried to burke all discussion on these subjects by playing upon the Moslem objection to reaching a decision upon these points while the communal question was still unsettled. This would have meant sending back to India those experts and politicians who had come to give their views on such matters as finance, without even hearing them; it would have meant entirely abandoning the principle of building up the new constitution by discussion. The whole business was in reality a piece of bluff, in which we are sorry to have to say that the Prime Minister joined. It is to the credit of the Indian representatives, including the Moslems, that they did not allow the Government to break up the Conference, and then blame them for its failure. Mr. Wedgwood Benn and Mr. Lees-Smith played a valuable part in "calling" this very discreditable bluff, and some very useful discussions are now proceeding, on which the Government will have to draw up reports in the usual manner.

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Spain has not been much "in the news" of late. But this does not mean that everything is going like a Sunday-school treat. The constitution-makers have got through the more difficult parts of their task, such as the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church, and the settlement of the Catalan question. But opposition has still to be overcome in the country. There are, as there have always been, disruptive elements in Barcelona, and monarchists and Catholics in other parts of the country are not taking their defeat lying down. A campaign on behalf of the religious orders has been organised, which the Government apparently hope to nip in the bud by the prohibition of public meetings held for this purpose. They have also put a ban on the carrying of firearms by private individuals. Some who look beyond the immediate situation talk of the possibility that the new electorate may presently show itself kinder than the Cortes Constituyentes to the Church. For women are now enfranchised, and among the great mass of Spanish women, it is pointed out, the priest's writ runs. A counteracting influence may perhaps be found in the spread of education, about which the Republican regime is in earnest.

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America may have no unemployment "dole," but she has a pensions "dole" which is as costly, as wasteful, and as little exempt from abuses in administration as our own unemployment insurance system. In discussing the recent British crisis, the *Springfield Republican* institutes a comparison between the two, and remarks that "in war pensions the United States makes the British dole look like 30 cents"—an Americanism for "a mere trifle." It reminds its readers that by the end of 1930 the Federal Government had paid $5,459,400,000 in "World War veteran relief." This "relief" in cash was paid not only to men disabled in the service, but also to all who came out of the war with no apparent defect, provided they had contracted some disability or disease since the war. In addition, the loans on the "bonus" certificates, voted by Congress at the end of the last session,

amounted on August 1st to $1,187,886,415. The *Springfield Republican* thinks it improbable that this loan money will ever be paid back to the Treasury, and predicts that Congress will soon be flooded with bills to turn it into a gift. "No one," it sums up, "can consistently declaim against a Government dole for the unemployed as a system vicious in principle, and at the same time pretend that the American system of war veterans' relief is beyond criticism. On the other hand, our war pension system, in its entirety, has such a history that the Government dole for the unemployed in Britain is, comparatively speaking, a triumph of finance and statesmanship."

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An air of unreality—indissociable from the consequencies of a nightmare election—broods over the deliberations of the new House of Commons. How could it be otherwise when the numbers and the weight of metal are so ludicrously disproportionate? There was, inevitably, much repetition, for the King's Speech was a jejune affair ("Nothing, with knobs on," said the irreverent Jack Jones), much protestation of a windy patriotism and much craving of indulgence for greenness and inexperience. The Opposition amendment to the address—an unsubtle affair—was moved by Sir Stafford Cripps. Circumstances have forced Sir Stafford into the role of a Robespierre, a cramping experience for anybody. The most interesting speeches were those of Mr. Maxton, who tried to convince the House that it will not eliminate poverty by ignoring it; of Mr. Churchill, who "defined his position" (in ambush, with a gatling-gun); and of Mr. Amery, who flourished, ominously, an outsize Union Jack. (Devotion to duty and a total lack of humour make a formidable combination.) The only practical outcome of the debate was Mr. Runciman's announcement of his "dumping" policy. Mr. Runciman is an old hand and had an easy time of it. For the Labour Opposition is not really at all sure where it stands on dumping, and the only spunk on the Free Trade side of the argument is at present on its way to Ceylon.

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The "Buy British" campaign inaugurated this week cannot be dismissed as mere economic chauvinism. The present state of our overseas trade and the present monetary position are both arguments in favour of buying home-produced in preference to imported articles, and goods from Empire countries in preference to those which come from countries still on the gold standard. It is, of course, true that any restriction of imports must in some degree react upon exports; but it is certainly not true that it is bound to react on them to an equivalent extent. Otherwise, the problem of an excess of imports could never arise at all. The campaign has, therefore, some justifiable basis; but it is another question whether it is likely to be of much effect. For the consumer, broadly speaking, will choose what suits him best among the goods offered for sale; and the trader, broadly speaking, will buy what he thinks he can sell most easily and to the best profit. However, there is no doubt a region within which the buying psychology of both traders and consumers is open to the influence of propaganda. It will be an interesting test of the effectiveness of the arts of publicity.

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The silver question is forcing its way more and more to the front, and one body after another is pressing for the remonetisation of silver in some form and degree. Many of the projects now in the air involve the definite return to a bimetallic standard and the keeping of monetary gold and silver at a fixed ratio in order to stabilise the exchanges between gold and silver using countries. Less ambitious schemes provide merely for the holding of a part of Central Bank reserves in silver instead of gold, without any attempt to fix the relative values of the two. This is doubtless practicable; but what purpose would it serve that could not be secured equally and more easily by a mere reduction of reserve requirements? Another school of thought wants steps taken to raise the price of silver, without any restoration of its monetary status in the Western world, and urges that this could be secured if banks in India and elsewhere would reverse the process of unloading their silver on the world market. But can they do this under present economic conditions? The Silver Association calls for an international conference on the silver question. If there is to be an international conference, as we hope there will, let the question of silver be considered, by all means. But we trust a good many other financial matters will be considered as well.

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The Report of the Select Committee which has been inquiring, during the last twelve months, into the hours and conditions of labour of shop assistants, has now been published. The working lives of a million and three-quarter employees are brought under review. On many points the Committee's conclusions are unanimous; but the proposal to establish a maximum working week of 48 hours is, unfortunately, supported only by a majority. It is rather shocking to discover—or rather, to rediscover, for the facts are periodically ventilated—how seriously shop assistants suffer from lack of leisure and from the uncertainty of overtime. As regards young persons, i.e., boys and girls up to 18 years of age, the proposal to establish a 48 hour week does command unanimity. According to present law, these adolescents may be worked as many as 74 hours per week—a circumstance affording scope for sweating and exploitation unparalleled in any other sphere. Many young people thus have not only no time to continue their education; they do not even secure the rest and recreation essential to their physical well-being. A short Bill introduced forthwith—which surely no Member of Parliament would be so shameless as to oppose—would be a graceful gesture from the present Government, even though it holds out, in the King's Speech, no hint of social legislation.

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *will include our University Supplement. We have received about three hundred entries for the prizes offered, and a selection from these, as well as the prize-winning contributions, will be published.*

TARIFFS BY ORDER

MR. RUNCIMAN'S Anti-Dumping Bill means the end in Great Britain of the era of Free Trade. Circumstances and the election have decided that issue, at least in principle. We have embarked on the attempt to improve our own economic position by purely national means. How far, even for the time, such a policy can succeed in a country which depends on its foreign trade as much as Great Britain remains to be seen. What we do know is that tariffs in the long run offer no cure; they are a symptom of the disease of nationalism, a disease of which the world is sick, perhaps beyond recovery. No lasting economic improvement is possible except by international arrangement, just as there can be no permanent peace without the abandonment of national arms and national ambitions. For the moment—we do not believe it can be for long—the attempt to produce an international cure has been laid aside, and we have to examine each of the Government's protectionist proposals not only from the long-distance and international point of view, but from the immediate and national one. Of Mr. Runciman's Bill we have therefore to ask, not whether there is not something inherently ridiculous in forbidding people to send us goods cheap—that is just part of the world's madness—but whether, from the peculiar stage of madness we have reached, such new duties will in point of fact temporarily improve the economic position of this country.

As we are to have tariffs there is a great deal to be said for putting high duties on few goods rather than low duties on many. For any widely spread system of duties applying to important articles of consumption, or to semi-manufactures which are raw materials of the finishing trades, would be bound to raise prices, and likely to lead, through its indirect reactions, to a general increase in the cost of living. On the other hand, the imposition of high duties on a far smaller number of carefully selected articles is calculated to do fully as much to check imports, and to produce much less adverse reactions on our internal prices. These results depend on the selection of the articles to be taxed being very carefully and impartially made, without any surrender to interested parties in search of means of raising the prices of the home products they have to sell; and this, in the light of the past history of tariff-mongering, is a very large assumption. Given that a tariff policy is to be adopted, "few and high" would be the best motto for those responsible for applying the scheme.

Is this to be the immediate policy of Mr. Runciman and his colleagues? The Bill now before Parliament leaves the question unanswered, and gives the Government full power to answer it in either sense. Power is taken to impose an emergency duty, up to 100 per cent. *ad valorem*, on any manufactured import—and the term here includes the great mass of half-finished articles, such as iron and steel. But power to impose a high duty includes power to impose a low one; and, while foodstuffs and raw materials are left for the present outside the scope of the emergency legislation, the category of manufactured articles is wide enough to enable protection to be imposed over a very broad field. It includes, for example, besides iron and steel, petrol, chemicals, non-ferrous metals except those in the raw state, leather, paper, textile yarns, and a host of substances which are the materials of our finishing trades. Very wide, as well as very high, protection by tariff is possible under the powers which the Government is about to assume.

At present we have no means of knowing what Mr. Runciman and his colleagues really mean to do. The ostensible occasion for the powers they are taking is the excessive importation of manufactured goods during the past few weeks, and the fear that this may continue, or even be intensified, while plans for a permanent system of protection are being considered. There is no denying that there has been some speeding up of imports just lately, or that this has been due in part to the desire to anticipate possible measures of prohibition or taxation. Most of it is probably due to the natural desire to complete old contracts before a tariff is added to the depreciated pound. In any case, the extent of this so-called dumping has been grossly exaggerated by the propagandists of a general tariff. But, whether we agree to call it dumping or not, this speeding up of imports does in some measure exist; and there is a case for taking emergency steps to prevent it where an abnormal growth of imports can be clearly shown to exist.

But does the Government mean to use its new powers merely for the purpose of cutting off this abnormal increase of imports, or to go much farther, and use them as a means of restricting imports below the normal amount? Certainly its protectionist supporters will not be at all pleased if it adheres to the former policy; and their cries of jubilation show that they do not expect this to happen. They see in the new powers a temporary means of protecting the home manufacturer, not only against an abnormal rise in imports, but also against imports that would have entered the country quite apart from the fears aroused by the threat of tariffs to come.

Even so, there would be no great objection if the emergency duties were levied only upon obvious luxury goods, and not in such a way as to affect either the cost of living of ordinary people or the costs of production in the finishing trades. We would, indeed, far sooner see the restriction of luxury imports achieved by a licensing system than by a tariff. But this is mainly because a tariff of any sort is likely to serve as the thin end of a massive protectionist wedge. It will do no harm to increase the cost of expensive foreign motor-cars, or wines, or dresses; and it will do little harm even if the increase enables British producers of these classes of goods to raise their prices and exact larger profits. But will the new policy stop at that point? The list of articles quoted illustratively by Mr. Runciman does not suggest that it will; for glass, knives, typewriters, cotton goods and leather can certainly not be classed mainly as articles of luxury. They are, on the contrary, articles of common use, and some of them are the materials of important branches of industry and service.

But we should not necessarily feel violent hostility to emergency measures to check the importation of these articles—provided that there were some satisfactory

guarantees against the use of the duties on them to enable the prices of home-produced articles to be increased. If Mr. Runciman said, for example, to the home-producers of plate or sheet glass, "We are prepared to give you as much of the home market as you feel like supplying at present prices, and to protect you against imports to that extent, if you will undertake not to raise your prices as long as the protection is in force," we should have no serious fears, even though the restriction of imports were achieved by means of a tariff instead of the more obvious method of prohibiting imports except under licence. But there is no sign that any such bargain is to be struck with the British producers before they are given the benefit of a tariff. Without some such safeguard we feel very strong objection to any extension of the list of dutiable goods beyond those which are clearly luxuries.

But the mere restriction of luxury imports, it will be urged, even if it is combined with the prevention of "abnormal" importations, will do little or nothing to improve the condition of our trade balance. That is, of course, the protectionist case; and the present joy of the Conservative back-bencher arises from a belief that the soundness of this case has been admitted, and that the Government means actually to put the extensive powers it is taking to a protectionist use. Probably it does so mean, to some extent; but we fancy it will find, when its experts get down to the details, very great obstacles in the way, on account both of the character of our manufactured imports and the extent to which they are the materials needed for finishing processes and services, and of the danger of raising the level of our internal prices and so taking the first step towards inflation. That, however, is still to be seen. Administered within narrow limits, Mr. Runciman's new powers need do no harm, and may even be of some benefit. But there will be very strong pressure upon the Government to pass speedily and far beyond these limits of safety and advantage.

In one sense it does not greatly matter what is done under an emergency scheme that is meant to remain in force for no longer than a few months. But in practice the emergency measures adopted now will obviously bear a close relation to the permanent policy for which they are designed to prepare the way. Everyone knows that it is simple enough to impose a tariff, but almost always very difficult to take it off again, because every measure of tariff protection creates a powerful vested interest for its perpetuation. It is unlikely that any duty put on now as an emergency measure, on whatever ground, will be taken off at the end of six months, or at any time, without strenuous opposition from those whom it protects. That is one of the most urgent reasons for desiring to confine the present experiment, which is admittedly initiated in advance of any full inquiry into the pros and cons of tariff measures, within very narrow limits. Mr. Amery and his friends of course believe that their victory is assured. As the Derby scheme preceded and heralded conscription, so they see in Mr. Runciman's restrictions the surprise attack that has captured the free-trade citadel while the main army is still encamped outside the gates. Their jubilation is natural. But economic circumstances may even yet be too strong for them; for rising prices and the danger of inflation may still make a general tariff an obvious economic impossibility.

HOW IT LOOKS TO A LIBERAL NOW

*(Last week, Mr. G. D. H. Cole gave his views upon the future of the Labour Party. This week we have asked Mr. Harold Wright to explain the position of the Liberal Party as he sees it to-day.—*ED. N. S. & N.)

THE only adequate comment on the result of the General Election is that of the Scottish minister who was praying for rain when a thunderstorm broke overhead and the hailstones began coming through the roof of his kirk: "Oh Lord," he said, casting up his eyes, "that's rideeculous!"

Nevertheless, the discovery that for once I was in agreement with the great majority of my fellow-countrymen has not convinced me that I was wrong. No doubt, the Government will make ghastly mistakes, and the present House of Commons will be objectionable in many ways, and more and more of those who voted in the majority will regret that they did so; but they will never know what they have escaped or how much worse things might have been if the Labour Party had been returned. I see no reason for revising my opinion that a victory for the party pledged to restore the cuts in the dole and in the salaries of public servants, and to "nationalise" the banks, would have turned the flight from the pound into a stampede. In adhering to that view I find myself differing, almost for the first time, from Professor Gilbert Murray. There is no man for whom I have a greater respect and admiration, but I must admit that I read his letter in the *Manchester Guardian* last week with bewilderment. He, too, voted for the National Government. For him, however, the election results sufficed to prove not only that he had backed the wrong horse, but also, apparently, that the panic about the pound and the Budget had been "largely factitious." I do not understand how he found that out.

There was another point in Professor Murray's letter which puzzled me. Writing of the danger of "some organised form of passive disobedience," he said that if the Labour Party now wishes to raise its voice it has no constitutional way of doing so. I venture, with great respect, to differ. It has the traditional method of public meeting and free speech at its disposal. The effective threat of a disgruntled minority has never been to air its grievances in Parliament; it has been to say, "We will secure the defeat of this Government at the next General Election." Each Parliament can do pretty much what the majority of its members like, while it lives, but if it ignores public opinion it will suffer for it at the polls. That, surely, is the main constitutional safeguard against tyranny.

Of course, the new House of Commons is not composed in a way which satisfies any Liberal. We never had reason to hope that it would be. We had to choose between voting for a reactionary protectionist House, or a reckless House pledged to hurry heedlessly along the road to national ruin. We chose between those two evils with our eyes open, and we must abide by the result. We could not foresee the size of the majority. If we had been able to do so, we might have been tempted to vote on Mr. Lloyd George's advice, which could be summarised like this: "A Labour victory would be disastrous, but there is no danger of a Labour victory; therefore, vote Labour." The unsatisfactory feature of that advice was, of course, that if enough voters had followed it the minor premise would have been falsified. My own forecast was a Government majority of 250, which would have meant a Conservative majority of 150. On the whole, I prefer the actual result. It is an impressive demonstration of national solidarity, which should have a decisive effect on foreign confidence in sterling. It puts the Government in a very strong position to take the necessary steps, international and national, to straighten things out, if it has the will and the capacity to do so.

A Conservative majority of 150 could have forced the Government's hand on such issues as tariffs; a Conservative majority of 350 is much less dangerous in that respect. In the first place, the present huge Party necessarily contains a number of progressive young Tories from the industrial constituencies, who have some knowledge of politics and should be an enlightening influence in the House. In the second place, it is very difficult to engineer a revolt of over a hundred rebels. Sir Henry Page Croft boasts that his protectionist group contains more than a bare majority of the House; if that is so, it certainly contains many shades of opinion, and will be very difficult to mobilise against the Government. The real menace to the Government is from internal dissension, not from outside pressure. If Ministers can agree on any positive policy, they have little to fear from this House of Commons. The most important immediate question is whether the Liberal can combine with the Tory, the Free Trader with the Protectionist, the Internationalist with the Nationalist, under a temporising Prime Minister, to do anything.

The answer to that question depends on the course of events. If, as seems probable, the Cabinet are hurried from crisis to crisis, abroad and at home, having to make prompt decisions on urgent questions from day to day in a desperate attempt to save Europe from collapse, the Far East from war, India from anarchy, and British industry from bankruptcy, then, as a set of tolerably sensible men, they will keep their bees in their bonnets (instead of allowing them to buzz round the conference table) and attend to the business in hand. If, however, there is a lull in the storm of world events, and individual Ministers have time to examine their private beehives, I think the Cabinet will soon break up. The Budget will obviously put a strain upon the mutual forbearance of Ministers, and it would be reasonable to expect resignations in March if one could assume that Reparations and the Disarmament Conference would be successfully surmounted in February.

As long as the Government includes men like Sir Herbert Samuel, Sir Donald Maclean, and Lord Lothian, whose general outlook we share and whose judgment we trust, it should be easy for us Liberals to give it loyal support. They will know the difficulties from the inside; and the compromises which they think it necessary to make ought to be tolerable to us. The exciting moment from the party point of view will come when the Government breaks up. Where will the break come? Will the Prime Minister suddenly announce to a startled world that his Tory colleagues have betrayed him, and ask for a dissolution? Or will Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin go off quietly, hand in hand, leaving Mr. Neville Chamberlain to form a new Government, from which, of course, all Liberals (except Sir John Simon and Mr. Hore Belisha) would be excluded? One can only guess. My own dream is that within a year all real Liberals will go into opposition, and that they will find on the Opposition benches a dispirited remnant of the Labour Party—and Mr. Lloyd George, as fresh as paint. Then, if my dream comes true, Mr. Lloyd George will take over the leadership of a united Opposition, and a new progressive party will be born.

Whether it comes in that way or in some other, I am convinced that a return to the two-party system ought to be possible after this curious interlude, and that it would be a great gain. It may seem paradoxical that I should urge Liberals to support a National Government composed mainly of Tories, and at the same time look forward to a fusion between the Liberal and Labour Parties. Nevertheless, it is rational enough. A National (or, if the term is preferred, a Coalition) Government may be necessary in a time of acute stress, but it would be most unsatisfactory in normal times. As soon as the world is able to breathe freely again, I want to ally myself politically with men of international outlook, who seek to reduce the barriers between nations and between classes to very minor proportions. Such men are to be found equally in the present Liberal and Labour Parties, but we shall not pull our weight unless we pull together. I cannot join Mr. Cole's new Labour Party, because it is to emphasise the class-barriers which I want to reduce. I strongly suspect, however, that of those who voted for the Labour Party in 1929 there were more who shared my view than Mr. Cole's. Whether that is so or not, the issues which are going to force themselves on our attention during the next ten years promise to be those which will divide the internationalist sheep very sharply from the nationalist goats, almost to the exclusion of purely domestic differences, and, in that case, those of us who can see across the political frontiers will be forced to combine together, unless we are prepared to be destroyed in detail.

HAROLD WRIGHT.

A LONDON DIARY

WHEN I was a young man there was something which we vaguely called "The Gutter Press" or "The Yellow Press"; it was a particular variety of political journalism which was understood to have its home in America. Most people considered it to be fundamentally "un-English," but the tones of its raucous voice, somewhat subdued, were recognised by some in the *Daily Mail*. The tones were bellicose and belligerent, violent and vulgar, ill-informed and irresponsible. During the last six months or year I have begun to hear them again creeping into the most gargantuan of our dailies and evening papers, and notably the *Evening Standard*. One evening last week on a single page of that paper there were two examples of this kind of irresponsible recklessness which, considering the state of the world to-day, were enough to make the hair stand up on the head of any sane man who is not anxious to have the remainder of his already precarious life disturbed by any more world wars or world-revolutions.

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The first example was an ill-informed paragraph headed "The League's Suicide," rejoicing over the failure of the League to settle the dispute between China and Japan. It ended thus: "If this is the end of the League, we may thank God that we shall be spared the dangers of further intervention. And now let us save our money." Lord Beaverbrook and those who share this view with him can only be compared to a shipwrecked crew in a small boat on a stormy sea throwing their lifebelts overboard and shouting, "Now we can save our money." Scientists have shown us that even rats, by the help of "conditioned reflexes," learn by experience. What a pity it is that politically we human beings have not yet reached the level of the conditioned reflex of the rat.

* * *

The second example was even more illuminating—a vulgar, ill-informed paragraph about Mr. Gandhi, ending thus: "Above all, he has seen a General Election which has put an end to the period of vacillation on which his popularity thrived. And his own countrymen, conscious of his failure to deliver the goods, have lost faith in him. . . . The sooner he goes home the better." Just before I read this paragraph I had had a talk about Mr. Gandhi with a member of the Conference. A young man, he represents the new type of Indian politician. He was very critical of Mr. Gandhi as a politician and of his tactics during the Conference. His own views were intelligent, rationalistic, realistic, and moderate. When I asked him whether he thought that Gandhi's influence in India had declined, he said that he believed that it was as great as ever. And he told me that for him personally there was something almost terrifying in that influence, and he described how, last year when Gandhi went to collect salt, one felt one was surrounded in India by millions of human beings in a state of violent

tension prepared to follow this one man in any direction. And that is the kind of situation which these Beaverbrook imperialists think to deal with by telling Mr. Gandhi to go home in the language of a suburban errand-boy. British imperialism maintained itself for so long in the nineteenth century because it talked in the grand, gentlemanly style and was always willing and able, if necessary, to shoot. These latter-day imperialists are an imperial and world-danger, for they talk like schoolboys and everyone knows that they cannot shoot.

* * *

In France it has become fairly safe to murder the mistress of one's husband or the lover of one's wife. Fortunately, in England the "unwritten law" remains unwritten and disapproved. Except in one case at the height of war fever our juries have never encouraged such murders. But a statement made by Mr. Justice Charles when trying a divorce case at Glamorgan Assizes seems to give infuriated husbands a most alarming encouragement. Referring to the petitioner he said:

> For some reason I cannot understand, he did not act as an ordinary man would have acted and dealt with the man as rigorously as possible, for, finding him in such a position with his wife, he just turned away crying, and thus weeping went to tidy his shop. Perhaps he was not the sort of man who could exercise that physical violence which the law would expect and excuse under such circumstances.

If, as it appears from this quotation, Mr. Justice Charles has stated that the law not only excuses a husband for assaulting his supplanter, but positively expects him to do so, he seems to have laid down a principle quite new to this country, and one which if acted upon might have most disastrous consequences. And apart from its novelty as law, the statement is one more instance of the strange world, quite remote from modern life, in which most of our judges appear to live. The days are past when a man regarded his wife as a chattel. And the civilised man who discovers that his wife loves someone else is likely to feel more sorrow for losing her than indignation with the lover of her choice. According to English law a husband has no property in the body of his wife. And according to civilised opinion the use of physical violence as an argument is the last refuge of the scoundrel. In this case the petitioner's behaviour would excite most decent people not to censure but to sympathy.

* * *

I have had a great deal of amusement out of the "intelligence test" I quoted last week. For one incident I can vouch. My informant was present at a meeting of a group of Socialists who believe themselves to be violent revolutionaries. They sat down at 7.30 one evening last week-end to discuss the tactics of the class-war. But they somehow got switched off the poison gas and machine guns and began to discuss the problem in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. It was well after 9.0 before they were all satisfied about the identity of the particular member of the proletariat who drove this engine, but the still more puzzling problem of how to revolutionise a persistently bourgeois State remains, I gather, still unsolved.

* * *

My post-bag shows that revolutionaries were not alone in being intrigued by this problem. Two correspondents tell me that they solved the problem by "intuition" (one got it right and one wrong); another declares that some of the clues are "irrelevancies" and that the engine-driver's name is Jones; another informs me that the problem was invented by a bank-manager, and still another is sure that "the guard of that ghastly train was Brown," but that "no one will ever know the name of the engine-driver." He is wrong. I know that the engine-driver was Brown, first, because I managed to solve the thing for myself without much difficulty when I tried, and secondly, because a score of correspondents have written in explaining with cold logic just how inevitably Brown is Brown. Some of them are quite sarcastic about it and rub it in that their children from eight years old onwards solved it without the least effort. But I am most pleased with the man who sent the solution in a verse which ingeniously includes all the clues:

> Mr. Robinson lived in the City of Leeds,
> Mr. Jones had an income which would not divide,
> Mr. Brown liked the guard, so lived near Trent,
> Mr. Jones, on the contrary, London preferred.
> He liked not the guard whose namesake he was,
> The guard liked not billiards, so Brown played instead
> With the fireman whose namesake resided at Leeds.
> The fireman was beaten, so told the whole world
> In confidence that Brown, whilst able to handle a cue,
> Was the worst engine-driver on the L.M. & S.
> And so now we all know just "Exactly" the clue.

* * *

One unfortunate lady has just rung up to ask me to put her out of her misery. She has been at the puzzle for several days—apparently with breaks only for meals—and after sitting up until 3.30 this morning trying to solve it, explains that she will never sleep again until she knows the answer and how one reaches it. I've told her, and, in order that she should lose another week-end's sleep, I offer another similar test—this time with five equations to solve.

> In a row of five houses live Mr. and Mrs. Green, Brown, Smith, Jones and Cook. There are five tradesmen who call at these houses, namely, grocer, coalman, baker, butcher and milkman, whose names are Green, Brown, Smith, Jones and Cook, but not respectively.
>
> The butcher's married sister lives at No. 1. Mr. Jones lived next door but one to the coalman's namesake. The milkman's namesake has no relatives. The butcher's namesake lives at No. 2. Mr. Jones goes to work with the butcher's brother-in-law. Mr. Brown helps the coalman's namesake in the garden. Mr. Smith lives next door but one to the milkman's namesake. Mrs. Green and Mrs. Jones are sisters. The baker's namesake has only one brother-in-law, who lives at No. 3. Mr. Cook lives next door to the coalman's namesake. What is the name of each tradesman?

CRITIC.

THE CAUSATION OF CANCER

ALL causation is complex, as John Stuart Mill pointed out long ago. No one fact is the cause of any other fact. We over-simplify our notions of the causation of disease; but so to do may sometimes suffice for practical purposes. We know that the X-rays and paraffin and tar, for instance, respectively produce what we call X-ray cancer, paraffin-cancer and tar-cancer. Of course, other factors are at work, but we can mercifully prevent these forms of cancer by excluding the action of these irritants. Workers with X-rays, shale-workers in Scotland, mule-spinners, chimney-sweeps, workers in aniline dyes, briquette-workers, etc., can be and are being protected from the various occupational cancers to which they are exposed. At least we can identify *one* factor of causation, which is so salient in these instances that we are tempted to call it *the* cause of the cancer in question and may be excused for so doing. Further, we may generalise from such instances, and say that the cause of cancer is chronic irritation and may counsel the public to beware of smoking in a mouth already injured by past syphilis, to avoid chronic constipation, and so forth. And we may sedulously seek other factors of irritation which may act, in cancer of the breast, for instance, as the X-rays and paraffin, etc., act in the comparatively few cases of occupational cancer. Real progress may be made on these lines, and there is no laboratory work of any kind which justifies us in leaving them.

But evidently such empirical knowledge is merely fragmentary, even though its practical value may be all we need. We must ask a hundred questions, and especially whether chronic irritation may not lay the irritated tissues open to invasion by some parasite, without which there would be no cancer, and which, therefore, may be entitled to a special place in our etiological scheme, and even be

called the cause of cancer. Somewhat similarly, overcrowding, malnutrition, lack of vitamin A, silicious dust, etc., may be regarded as causative of tuberculosis, but that disease does not exist in the absence of a specific parasite, the tubercle bacillus.

During the past half-century numerous announcements have been made of the discovery of parasites which might be specially called the cause of cancer, and all such announcements have later been falsified; except, perhaps, the latest, made some six years ago by Dr. W. E. Gye and Mr. J. E. Barnard, F.R.S., working under the auspices of the Medical Research Council, which boldly sponsored their claims. Mr. Barnard, a London hatter who spends his spare time upon optics, for which he has an absolute genius, had devised means of making the ultra-microscopic invisible visible by the use of ultra-violet light, so small in wave-length that objects could be detected by it which would be missed, so to say, between the wider waves of visible light.

Controversy has raged ever since, the verdict being generally hostile to the claims of these workers. But the work has been continued, and now comes a weighty volume* in which Dr. Gye, who has been helped in recent years by Dr. Purdy, reaffirms his conclusions with new evidence. Mr. Barnard's name is not on the title page, and does not appear in the text—though of this, in the absence of an index, we cannot be certain; nor do we find photographs, such as might have been hoped for, nor any reference to ultra-violet light, except in respect of its action on tumours; nor does the Medical Research Council publish the volume, though the work has been done at the National Institute for Medical Research.

What are we to conclude? The answer, in any view, cannot but be that we must suspend judgment; Dr. Gye's work is, in any event, of the first order and of high value. He has made large and important contributions to our knowledge of cancer. If the theory, as he now advances it, is complex, that fact is not an argument against it; we are dealing with the *arcana* of cell-chemistry and the facts must be complex. It is disconcerting that, after seven years, the parasite which was thought to have been actually seen is no longer visible; but that disappearance is not conclusive adverse evidence. The theory is summed up by the authors in the final words that "cancer is a cell reaction to a living intra-cellular virus, the reaction manifesting itself in cell-growth and multiplication." But this final sentence does not completely state the theory, which also assumes a second factor, not living but chemical, furnished by the cell which is to undergo the cancerous transformation. This factor Dr. Gye calls the "specific factor," varying with all the various types of living cell which may become cancerous; and thus he distinguishes it from the virus or living parasite, which he calls the "non-specific factor."

Whatever the complexity of the bio-chemical details, the theory is essentially that a parasite is "the cause of cancer," which would thus come into line with so many other diseases. Two practical questions arise at once. If the disease be due to a parasite, is it infectious or contagious, and must the cancer-patient be isolated, shunned or feared? The answer is that, whether Dr. Gye be right or wrong, the existing evidence is overwhelmingly against the view that cancer may be "caught" by the healthy from the patient. Considering that the death rate from this disease rises rapidly, meaning the destruction of something like a thousand lives every week in England and Wales alone, and that the period of illness is very prolonged, it is evidently of the first importance to know whether it is contagious or not. Fortunately we may still believe that the answer is negative. Secondly, if the disease be due to a parasite, does the modern science of immunology offer us any hope of protection against it? We know that we may be protected against many parasitic diseases by a system of so-called vaccination. Some of these diseases are caused by visible parasites, such as typhoid fever, others by ultra-microscopic viruses, we believe, such as small-pox—belonging to the same category of living things, the very humblest of all, as the supposed parasite of cancer. There is, indeed, already a considerable mass of evidence showing that the production of artificial immunity against certain cancers is possible, though such immunity by no means necessarily involves us in the acceptance of the parasite hypothesis.

We open this magnificent record of devoted and skilful work in unhappy mood, and we are still unhappy when we close it. Real help is not yet forthcoming, and the disease rapidly gains upon us. We have reached the limits of surgery, and radiation is a most imperfect instrument for our salvation, though we must be grateful for it and assured that its powers have not yet been fully realised. For myself, following this subject closely, and discussing it on many occasions ever since the war, as readers of THE NEW STATESMAN will remember, I reiterate the conviction that, so far, the most useful fact we can assert about cancer is that maintained for many years by Sir Arbuthnot Lane, and now repeated in official pronouncements, that "Cancer never attacks a healthy organ." Parasite or no parasite, the undamaged tissue seems to remain non-cancerous. If parasite there be, it is presumably all-but-ubiquitous, as we may infer from the facts of X-ray cancer. But we can shield the X-ray worker's skin and "Cancer never attacks a healthy organ." I have shown, in these columns, a few years ago, that similar arguments apply to the terribly common cancer of the womb. That disease scarcely occurs except in cases where the neck of the womb has been subject to laceration in childbirth and subsequent irritation. Let us have more sunlight for young girls, whence fewer rickety pelves, whence fewer delayed labours, whence fewer lacerations of the cervix, and we shall have fewer cases of cancer there. Such instances may suffice to indicate the lines on which, outside the laboratories, we can and must fight cancer, in my view: but, meanwhile, we pay homage to men like Dr. Gye and Dr. Purdy and go on hoping.

LENS.

* *The Cause of Cancer.* By W. E. Gye, M.D., and W. J. Purdy, M.B. Cassell. 30s.

TO A PROMOTER OF GREYHOUND RACING

You hatch, amid November's acrid fogs,
Your plot for sending cricket to the dogs,
Beware! One duty Britain seldom shelves—
Saving the Lower Orders from themselves.

H. P.

OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN

IT is necessary to keep on saying the same things over and over and over again, because the same things keep happening over and over and over again. For example, when I was driving, or rather being driven, to Oxford on Saturday, I stopped at a hotel at Berkhampstead for lunch. I wanted not only something to eat but something to drink. The waiter, however, while perfectly willing to allow me to gorge myself with food, refused to serve me with any drink stronger than mineral waters. This was not, as might have been supposed if the thing had happened in any other country than England, a reflection on my sobriety, but was due to the fact that the hands of the clock stood at twenty minutes to three. It may be the view of the British Government that, for reasons of health, pressure should be brought on citizens to lunch early; and, if the theory is sound, a case

might be made out for forbidding anyone to eat meat between half-past two and half-past six. But, as the Government still permits us to eat at whatever hour we can obtain food in a restaurant, I cannot see why it does not leave us to choose what we, being sober, wish to drink with our meals. It would be as reasonable to prohibit mustard after half-past one as beer after half-past two. There are, I know, excellent people who assume that every hour during which beer may be served in a restaurant lures thousands of the young to a doom of drunkenness. But I doubt if the Government holds this theory. Why, then, should it tell me that I must lunch before half-past two in such places as Berkhampstead if I wish to drink beer with my food? One can understand the reasons for closing the public houses in the afternoons, even if one does not regard them as valid, but where is the sense in forbidding a man to consume his ordinary lunch at an hour at which lunches are ordinarily served in the restaurants? As the majority of Englishmen lunch earlier than half past two, I have little hope that the law on the subject will be changed. What happened at Berkhampstead will happen over and over and over again, but it will happen only to me and a few others. Therefore, I shall have to make the same protest over and over and over again. Perhaps it is just as well. If the world were not insane, there would be little for anybody except the poets to write about.

How exquisitely insane the world has become was shown by the scene in which Mrs. Philip Snowden was involved in a London restaurant on Sunday evening. She was presiding at a dinner at which, as is the melancholy custom, speeches were made and songs were sung. An excellent case could be made out for the official prohibition of speeches after dinner, but no Government, however humanitarian in its composition, has yet taken this drastic step. If Mrs. Snowden's dinner was interfered with, this was not done on the ground that after-dinner speeches are an evil, but on the ground, apparently, that on Sunday evening one is not permitted to have even a glass of ginger ale opposite one on the table after ten o'clock. It may be that this particular restaurant closes at ten o'clock on Sunday, but the accounts in the newspapers suggested that the waiters deprived the guests of their glasses of water and ginger ale in obedience to some law, rightly or wrongly interpreted. Here again is something that could scarcely have happened outside England—guests in a restaurant wanting to drink the health of their chairman in teetotal fluids and left waterless as a result of a raid on their glasses by waiters. The young, who are so fond of attacking the Victorians, would do well to reflect on the fact that, during the reign of Queen Victoria, such a scene would have been impossible. It is true that it was a Government composed of politicians left over from the Victorian Era which invented the lunacy of the present licensing laws, and perhaps the young, when they have arrived in places of power, will mend matters. I doubt it, however. It is much more likely that they will pass laws compelling everybody to be in bed by ten o'clock and so forth. The same thing will happen over and over and over again—only worse.

The only new thing that happened to me during the week was to be dragged into the police-court as a result of a fracas with a taxi-driver. I was merely a witness of the fracas, but to have to rise at an early hour in the morning and appear in a police-court, even as a witness, is by no means a pleasant experience. On the way to the court I kept rehearsing my narrative over and over again in my brain, dreading lest by some slip of the tongue or by some muddling of the evidence I might let my friend the taxi-driver down. The facts were simple enough. I was driving home to dinner in a taxi when the driver emerging from a side street passed a car in front of him, and thrust the nose of his cab just far enough into the main road to give the driver of an oncoming car a fright. The driver of the car, believing that the taxi-driver was not going to stop, and fearing a collision, put his brakes on hard till they squealed. He then leaped out of his car, and, white with excitement, rushed over and declared that he would prosecute the taxi-driver for dangerous driving. I did not catch the taxi-driver's retort, and so was horrified to see the driver of the car drawing back his arm and delivering a terrific blow on the unfortunate man's face. We were soon in the thick of a large crowd, the taxi-driver demanding the young man's name, and the young man yelling, "You called me a dirty mongrel." I kept murmuring in a weak voice, "There's no need to get excited," apprehensive that at any moment I might find myself the centre of a whirling octopus of arms and go up into the air as a cloud of feathers. The young man kept shouting, "You called me a dirty mongrel," and the taxi-driver kept declaring that he was going to get a policeman, pausing only occasionally to point me out to the crowd, while he shouted: "What I'm thinking about is this genelman. He's my fare." Thereupon the crowd would gaze in my direction till the storm of mutual recriminations burst out again. At last, the young man, having added insult to injury by yelling, "You're drunk," walked back to his car, started the engine and began to drive off. The taxi-driver followed him and sat down on the bumpers of the car with his arms round the bonnet, determined to die rather than let his assailant escape. The young man once more leaped out of his car, inside which a girl had all the time been sitting patiently, and roared: "You *shall* have a policeman!" and a small boy in the crowd consented to run for one. As we waited, the taxi-driver wiped his bleeding mouth, from which two false teeth had been knocked out, only stopping now and then to point me out to somebody, and to tell everybody that what he was thinking about was "this genelman. He's my fare." And again the crowd would gaze at me with passionate curiosity. Luckily, by the time the policeman had arrived and carried the two disputants off to the station, another taxi had appeared. As I got into it, the crowd surged round the door, listening eagerly as I gave my address and peering in at the window. It was a royal send-off minus the cheering.

To my intense relief, when the case came on in the court the following morning, the young man pleaded guilty. The magistrate then asked the taximan to tell his story. The taximan said: "I was driving a fare home at about eight o'clock last night and had just come to the end of Celtic Street where it turns into Mitchell Hill. I stopped dead because Mitchell Hill is a main road. The prisoner was driving a car down Mitchell Hill, and I was waiting for him to pass. Then he stopped his car, jumped out, and came over and hit me in the mouth, knocking two teeth out." "Hit you in the mouth!" exclaimed the magistrate; "what for?" "I dunno," said the taxi-driver. "You mean to say that for no reason in the world this man jumped out of his car and came across and struck you?" "Yes, sir," said the taxi-driver, "my fare's in court," pointing to me (where, as a witness, I fancy I ought not to have been). "He can tell you about it." Fortunately, the magistrate decided that, as the prisoner had pleaded guilty, no witnesses were necessary, and would have nothing to do with me, though the taxi-driver, obviously feeling that he had wasted my morning if I were not allowed into the witness box, pleaded earnestly with the magistrate to let me corroborate his story. Even when he brought out a handkerchief containing the two false teeth he had lost, he urged, as he wrapped them up again; "Won't you hear my fare, sir?" The young man then told the full story, including the "dirty mongrel" passages, apologised, and was fined a pound and two pounds compensation for the teeth.

The whole thing was to me very annoying, but not so annoying as being refused a drink with my lunch at Berkhampstead. A street brawl does not at least repeat itself. The licensing laws do. And so, as a necessary consequence, do I.

Y. Y.

A FABLE FOR THE LEAGUE

BEFORE the bench of magistrates were brought
Two men who in the market-place had fought
About their rights to a disputed stand.
Each urged his claim with fervour; but Their bland,
Inexorable Worships made reply:
"Our Court was open, your dispute to try;
Yet you with blows upon each other fell
And marred our Sovereign's peace. Consider well,
If, trusting to the justice of his cause
In his own eyes, each man should flout the laws
As you have done, our Fair would pass away
In one long riot. Later in the day
We'll judge your case (and may the right prevail!)—
Meanwhile you'll cool your hot blood in the gaol."
Next came some wretched shopkeeper, to state
That Blank Esquire, himself a magistrate,
With force and fraud had made the laws a mock,
Illegally distraining on his stock.
With blank dismay the Bench surveyed the drudge
And whispered each to each, with wink and nudge:
"What's now to do? If for Squire Blank we send
(You know, of course, Lord So-and-so's his friend)
He may deny to come; and if by force
We needs must fetch him, 'tis no easy course"—
"Think of our loss, too, if Squire Blank should quit
The Bench itself"—"The Squire's a man of wit,
And would not thus unlawfully proceed
Had not great wrongs constrained him." Thus agreed,
Their Worships, still inexorably bland,
Gave forth their verdict: "Let the matter stand
Until the Squire and tradesman shall agree
Just what the rights of their dispute may be.
Meanwhile the Squire, as suits his rank and fame,
Shall keep the chattels, to secure his claim."

* * *

I trust that by the time these lines you scan
They'll have no relevance to the Council's plan
For dealing with the Balkans—and Japan.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE FUTURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Cole's article on a New Labour Party—satisfactory though it is to learn that Mr. Cole is not feeling depressed at the result of the Election—is not very reassuring, or even particularly illuminating, as to the future of the Labour Party. It seems indeed to leave us confronted with a dilemma. The new Labour Party, he tells us, is to be, far more than hitherto, a class Party, representing "the aspirations of the working class." What does Mr. Cole mean by "the working class"? If, in accordance with the present constitution of the Labour Party, he means all workers by brain as well as hand, then the working class will include seven-eighths of the nation. And if the new Labour Party is going to appeal to "the aspirations of the working class" in this sense its appeal will have to be not a class, but a national, appeal (as, incidentally, Keir Hardie and most of the pioneers repeatedly asserted that it ought to be). And that, in Mr. Cole's view, would be to destroy all its "effective driving force." If, however, on the other hand the appeal is to be to the manual workers only, as Mr. Cole clearly intends, then an awkward problem arises. Taking "manual workers" in the broadest sense electorally relevant to this discussion—that is as roughly including all those covered by the National Health Insurance scheme—an uncomfortable fact has none the less to be faced; and that is that the vote of the manual workers, even if it were, as it has never been yet, almost unanimously Labour, would not, since it is so highly concentrated in certain areas, provide a working Labour majority. And if the manual workers' vote by itself cannot provide a sufficient Parliamentary majority for "a large instalment of positive socialisation," then a rigidly working-class Labour Party must sooner or later be driven to non-parliamentary and revolutionary methods. Between a national Labour Party appealing to all classes who render service to the state and a class Party condemned at best to parliamentary sterility and at worst to futile violence I personally find it easy to choose. If Mr. Cole prefers the class Party he, and the new Labour Party itself, ought to recognise clearly what it is heading for.—Yours, etc.,

Queen's College, Oxford. GODFREY ELTON.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Clifford Allen's letter may I say that of all the incongruous comparisons I have come across that of Lenin with MacDonald seems to me easily the worst.

Lenin stands out now ever more clearly as a man who, when confronted with a vast nation in ruins, remade that nation on lines entirely new to the modern world. He not only displayed courage and self-confidence of the highest and rarest kind, but a clarity of vision and a sureness of touch and purpose that prove him to be the greatest politically creative artist since the days of Moses.

Whether we instinctively or conventionally dislike post-war Russia and its manner of life or not, the fact stands out beyond valid denial that it has "made good" on the foundations laid down by Lenin, and to-day, significantly enough, Russia is the one country in the world whose government and people are making a stupendous united effort to raise the standard of life of its entire population while all the rest of the world, including the capitalist-ridden countries, are being driven by alleged necessity into a desperate effort to lower theirs.

To compare the achievements of Lenin with those of MacDonald seems to me a cruel disservice to a man who, one hopes, is big enough to see the disadvantages of such a juxtaposition where his own reputation is in question. I think if Mr. Clifford Allen is his friend he ought to be more careful.

For it leads to the inevitable question: Has MacDonald ever produced by pen or speech a single constructive idea of value to our distracted country? and so to the inevitable answer: Not one that can be recalled. My experience has certainly produced negative results. For two and a quarter years he seldom spoke in the House on a major question while I was there without sending me chagrined and dismayed to walk off my disappointment on the terrace.

No doubt, like all men who attain place and distinction in politics, he must have certain qualities. He is a good and impressive chairman. When ceremonial visits at home or abroad are to be made there is no one who can do them better or produce more brilliant, if ephemeral, results. But if there is a problem requiring profound knowledge or intense political acumen to solve, alas! all one gets is vague generalising and quite uninstructive monitory waves of the fingers over the historic dispatch box.

Lenin, no doubt, had not the grand style. I seem to remember he was small in stature and unimpressive in manner, and no doubt had the usual Socialist contempt for the much-abused word "statesman," but at least one can say of him without fear of contradiction: If he had not the airs he had the substance of the great leader of men.

Of MacDonald quite another verdict has been given, and given by one of the most competent of judges in the House of Commons (the place where so many reputations are made and lost). He may be to some, who are dazzled by the way he has climbed to the highest post in the State, *a Wonder*, but Mr. Winston Churchill's immortal qualification of that label gives a much more accurate idea of the man than Mr. Clifford Allen's rash attempt to compare him with Lenin.—Yours, etc.,

H. T. MUGGERIDGE.

ELECTORAL METHODS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I enclose for your perusal a copy of a slip which was put into all pay envelopes immediately before the Election by a large "Sallington" firm. To my knowledge several other firms did the same thing. In some of the more respectable parts of Sallington maids were employed by their mistresses to address envelopes, etc., for the Conservative candidate, without being consulted as to their own political convictions. Methods at election counts must vary; in this case there would not have

been room for all the boxes to be emptied at once, but the secrecy of the ballot is not in the least impaired.—Yours, etc.,

"LABOUR CANDIDATE'S WIFE."

[The enclosed slip, signed by a Director of a well-known firm reads as follows:

In view of the great National crisis, we feel it our duty to impress upon you ALL the absolute necessity to do everything in your power to secure the return of the National Government.

The welfare of yourself, your family and the nation as a whole is at stake.

The issue is between those who stand solidly for the return of prosperity to this country and those who would allow the foreigner to over-run it.

We are proud of the fact that we can say, without fear of contradiction, that our products are *ALL BRITISH*.

Those of you who have a vote, use it. Those of you who have not must use every endeavour to persude those who have to recognise their duty.

Every NATIONAL vote counts towards your future prosperity.

There is no *neutrality*, it is You or the Foreigner.

Other correspondents have sent us copies of similar manifestoes which are in their possession. One (the name and address of the firm is quoted) informs its workers that the Directors are convinced that the return of the Labour Party would mean "Swift and irretrievable ruin." . . . "Patriotism and self-interest" combine to make it the duty of "every employee to vote without fail and at whatever personal inconvenience for the National Party candidate."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE COUNT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I acted as a scrutineer in a northern county constituency during the recent election, and can fully confirm the details given by "A Labour Candidate's Wife," in her article. At our count it was not only possible to see the names of the wards and villages marked on the boxes, but also to move round the tables, look over the tellers' shoulders and gain a pretty accurate idea as to how the voting had gone in any particular locality. Personally, I agree entirely with the strictures made on this system by Mr. Tilney in your current issue.—Yours, etc.,

GUY CHAPMAN.

[We have received several other letters from returning officers to the same effect.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A TWO YEAR PLAN FOR AGRICULTURE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I regret to note that my meaning seems obscure to one of your correspondents. May I make it clear?

The necessary premise to my conclusions is the possession by the farmer of land suited to corn-growing and machinery that can prepare and harvest the crop cheaply and effectively.

Records of all suitable land are in the Ministry of Agriculture. So far as available areas are concerned, nearly two million acres have been lost to the plough since 1918.

Five hundred acres in large fields would provide the smallest economic unit for modern methods and machinery.

Prices vary; but a harvester-thresher, caterpillar tractor with full equipment, and an effective drier, could be bought to-day for less than £1,000, and given a steady demand this figure will fall. With these aids and sound knowledge, a far larger unit than 500 acres could be farmed.

During the Great War the Government helped the farmer to feed the country; present conditions demand an equal effort.

Note that the price of the loaf has been raised this week, arbitrarily and without either justification or adequate protest.—Yours, etc.,

S. L. B.

POLITICS AND RELIGION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Though some of the clergy, whose voices, drowned in the general din, did not reach the general public, protested, the majority, whose business is not to advocate one party nor denounce the other, was silent when justice, as shown by the prejudged voting, was violated.

Whether the clergy were too busy discussing if the Ignatian mode of prayer or the use of the Rosary is going to save England, or whether the literature the people feast on—the tittle-tattle of the penny papers or the solemn lofty columns of the rest favours the cause they mostly have at heart, it is certain that as a body they were silent. The leaders in the Church who would have and would still command attention have not unitedly and publicly denounced the injustice, but have maintained till now a silence which will add to the long list of the Church's cowardices and betrayals.—Yours, etc.,

November 13th. S. M. G.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—When your correspondent, H. H. Stockdale Ross refers to the attitude of the Church towards social reform, I take it he means the Church of England.

The attitude of the Catholic Church has been very clearly set forth in the Encyclicals *Rerun Novarum* of Pope Leo XIII, published in 1891, and of the present Pope, *Quadragesimo Anno*, published this year, translated in pamphlet form in English under the titles "The Workers' Charter," and "The Social Order" respectively.

Unfortunately, these and other attacks from the same source on the social system have been misunderstood, because the terms Liberalism and Socialism have on the Continent a very different connotation from that which they bear with us. Unless this is kept in mind some of the Vatican's most trenchant attacks on what we regard as capitalism become meaningless.—Yours, etc.,

3-20, Sancroft Street. A. S.
London, S.E.11.
November 13.

THE FALL OF THE POUND

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—The case of Humpty-Dumpty *v.* Bogy-Bogy *in re* the Pound must, we suppose, be referred to a more spacious tribunal than your journal. Mr. Harold Wright in his recent letter makes a vague reference to the withdrawal of short-term credits, refers us to an article by Sir Arthur Salter, which although sound is largely irrelevant, and bids us look at the mark. So much for Humpty-Dumpty. The Bogy-Bogy arguments are presumably too long for your correspondence columns: if so, may it be put on record that silence does not in our case lend consent? In conclusion may we remind you that our original question was addressed to you as well as to Mr. Wright? The matter is of some importance, because in these days, when principles apparently no longer count and no weapon is too discreditable for use in an election, people should know whom they can trust for expert advice. The strange case of Professor Gilbert Murray illustrates this.—Yours, etc.,

Redriff, Cedar Road, BARRINGTON GATES.
Farnborough Park, F. W. MEREDITH.
Hants.
November 17th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Harold Wright seems to forget that—unlike Germany—this country had immense foreign assets. His assertion that "when money is not tied to a standard (!) such as gold, its value depends *entirely* upon confidence" is preposterous. The value of a currency *ultimately* depends on its purchasing-power, and if the confidence men force it down much below its real value, they are likely to be skinned when they have to deliver their short sales.—Yours, etc.

1 Elvaston Place, GEOFFREY BIDDULPH.
S.W.7.
October 31st.

THE FAMILY IN RUSSIA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

SIR,—May I supplement Mr. Lloyd's remarks on marriage in the Soviet Union by pointing out that the 1927 "family" Code (the word "family" is never actually mentioned), in order to avoid illegitimacy, makes marriage and divorce registration facultative? Such rights and obligations as still arise out of marriage are enforceable whether the marriage has actually been registered or not. It is consequently misleading to talk of "couples who are living together unmarried."

Mr. Lloyd argues that "it is absurd to pretend that the Communists are deliberately trying to destroy family life." I do not agree. It is of course true that in restricting the rights and obligations which arise out of marriage, in stripping the family of its economic functions, in providing crèches, nursery schools, and children's holiday homes, in building up children's organisations, leagues of youth, and in organising social clubs, the Communists are doing no more than we are in this country. But whereas the various charitable associations, which are largely responsible for such work in this country, continue to idealise the family although all their efforts undermine it, the Communist definitely believes that the family is a nucleus of dangerous anti-social loyalties. He applies the term of abuse "bourgeois" to both the family and to home life. He consciously realises that these various social devices break down family ties, and fosters them because they have this effect. The following quotation from a report at a Pioneer Congress seems to me to illustrate the Communist attitude towards the family accurately: "We have destroyed the fetish of the family in the sense that we have taught children to act from higher interests, the interests of the proletarian class."

Whether or not there is any danger of the disappearance of the "intimate association of parents and children," which Mr. Lloyd regards as the essential form of the family, depends upon the sociological reality of this "intimate association." Our Boy Scout movement puts loyalty to King and Country before loyalty to one's family. The Catholic Church, though not the Reformed Churches, followed the teaching of Jesus, and urged Christians to abandon their fathers, mothers, etc., and give themselves to God. The Communist goes further. He not only argues that loyalty to the Revolutionary State is higher than loyalty to the family, but is determined to destroy the intimate association of parents and children because he believes that it has harmful consequences.—Yours, etc.,

27 Gordon Square, W.C.1. C. M. SKEPPER.

[Mr. Lloyd says: "Mr. Skepper's first paragraph brings out the point, which I did not explicitly state, that there are no 'illegitimate' children in Russia. But I did surely make it clear that being married means being registered, and I do not see anything misleading in speaking of 'living together unmarried' instead of 'living together unregistered.'

As regards his main criticism, I cannot see that the Communist attitude, even if it is rightly represented in the Pioneer Congress report (the Pioneers, by the way, are children between the ages of ten and sixteen), is incompatible with the maintenance of the family in what I called its essential form. The Communists are not the only people, as Mr. Skepper himself shows, who have no use for the sort of family in which the parent is absolute master of the child and can exalt its interest over that of the community, while the child's motto is 'My Daddy, right or wrong!'

But I could see little evidence of the Government or the Communist Party wanting to prevent parents and children from living together in 'intimate association.' If they do, why should they issue masses of posters picturing the ideal life in the home? And why should Lunacharsky, the former Commissar of Education and a leading man among the Communists, have said that they regarded the family as the kernel of their society?"—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I would like, if you will permit me the space in your columns, to refute a mis-statement made by Richard Strachey in his notice of the Rev. John Lamond's book *Arthur Conan Doyle*.

He says that "in spite of Sir Arthur's psychic inquiries he remained an agnostic to the end." This is absolutely false. My father was a whole-hearted and convinced spiritualist to the end. In fact his death was caused largely through his exertions on behalf of the cause he had so greatly at heart.—Yours etc.,

November 4th. M. CONAN DOYLE.

A PROTEST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Like most of my fellow artists I am not in the habit of taking the inconsequent exuberances of critics too seriously. But when such a well-known writer as Mr. W. J. Turner unashamedly puts his name to what must appear to knowledgeable readers as a malicious attack on the playing of a great artist like Mr. Harold Bauer, it is time that such an indiscretion should be publicly challenged.

As it happened, I heard the performance which provoked Mr. Turner's unfortunate diatribe and have no hesitation in saying that his criticisms are singularly inept.

Mr. Bauer played on that occasion, as he generally does, with fine artistry, great musicianship, and a musical technique that was beyond criticism and apparently beyond Mr. Turner's understanding.

But disregarding Mr. Turner's possibly not very valuable opinions on questions of technique and interpretation, surely his responsibility to himself as a serious critic should have prevented him from making that "schoolgirl" allusion, which is not only an error of judgment but also of taste.

Is Mr. Turner possibly suffering from a reaction as the result of Mr. Ernest Newman's witty extemporisation on the folly of such injudicious over-praising as Mr. Turner will be remembered to have accorded to another famous pianist?—Yours, etc.,

Royal College of Music. ACHILLE RIVARDE.
November 16.

LIBERTY IN ENGLAND

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—One does not expect to be able to get a drink at a London railway terminus after 10 p.m., least of all on the Sabbath, which was made not for man but for old women. But in the refreshment room at Paddington last night I asked for some tobacco. The person in charge replied: "Sorry, I can't serve you after 8 p.m. *unless you wait till midnight*," and referred me to the slot machine, which, however, does not cater for pipe smokers. I elected to wait till midnight (i.e., "to-morrow")—a matter of half an hour, and risk missing the last bus home. But this was not all.

The police now arrived, and demanded to see my ticket (long since surrendered on the incoming train), and/or to know my business. I explained.

"Ho, ho!" said they, "you admits hendeavourin' to break the law"; and with loud guffaws the worthy guardians of the rights of the subject departed, leaving me with but a comparatively trifling stain on my character.

To a stranger from a free country come to study the decline of British liberties, the good humour with which authority enforces and the public endures petty, purposeless tyrannies might seem more a matter for amused astonishment than for the raging fury which I personally feel.

If as a result of further endeavours to break the law I should win the Irish sweep (which would certainly be a matter for amused astonishment) shall I patriotically spend my money within "permitted hours" on the Cornish Riviera? No, Sir, my last and only expenditure in England, home and beauty, Mothah of the Free (of which we heard so much last week) will be at the office of Imperial Airways for the rapidest possible passage to an un-Prussianised country—such as Germany. But the odds against winning the Irish sweep are, I understand, almost as great against those who do hold tickets as against those who don't. Is it, then, as vain to dream of enjoying a little simple liberty at home as of spending Irish millions abroad?

Mr. Snowden in introducing his second Budget (April, 1930) made slighting references to the working-man's expenditure on beer. The same evening whom should I see but another eminent Saviour of the Nation in a very choice restaurant, ordering himself a bottle of bubbly after hours—and getting it (half a bottle to be just). Good luck to him! Now that Mr. Snowden is heard in the accents of the club smoking room rather than in those of the tin chapel, he too, one hopes, may have forgotten his "temperance" views with their inescapably plebeian stamp. These two Ministers might then explain to their more dunder-headed Tory colleagues that in Vienna, Copenhagen and other Socialist places, liberty for twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week is reconciled with the proper protection of the hours of labour by the institution of a simple shift system—by no means unprofitable to employ-

ment. Any Puritan protests inside the Cabinet could be silenced by one of the Liberal lawyers recalling the fundamental principle of liberty within the law: *Sic utere tuo ut non alienum laedas*—which Mr. Baldwin would, no doubt, translate in a scholarly rendering for the benefit of Mr. Thomas.

Let them remember that if there is to be less bread there must be more circuses. Did they but repeal Dora we could cheerfully bear five years of reaction, and they might for all I care repeal the Habeas Corpus Acts (which by the way, seems not at all unlikely in the present temper of the Tories); *habeas corpus* is no use when you can't have a drink or an ounce of tobacco or a sunbathe or a bawdy book. But if even in this wonderful Parliament by which Mr. MacDonald, our first permanent Prime Minister, is constitutionally advised, if even in this weird Witenagemot the Nonconformist conscience should still prevail, then, Sir, strong government will indeed be needed. The Dissenters must be disenfranchised and deported to the States—(I assume the reconquest of America to be in the National Government's programme). This would, however, not relieve us of the Bishop of London and killjoys of his kidney, who would exorcise if they could the spirit of Athena from her daughter, Britannia. I therefore propose that as a bold initial experiment in the sterilisation of the unfit, sexual prudes might decently be deprived of a faculty for which they have no use. Then, Sir, you and I, surrounded a couple of generations hence by our, I trust, innumerable grandchildren, could recall to memory the Brentfords, the Ingrams, the Shortts, the James Douglases and other public nuisances of this, our age, and murmur truthfully over our cups as a tear mingled with the wine, "They were men whose like we shall not see again."

I think that is all.—Yours for the prohibition of prohibitions,

Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1. ARTHUR E. E. READE.

Miscellany

SAMPLES OF MODERN BRITISH ART

MESSRS. AGNEW have collected together in their present show works by a number of artists who do not often find themselves in one another's company. Royal Academicians, New English artists and London Groupers rub shoulders on the walls, and sometimes find themselves quite happily assorted. Indeed, except for the works of a few mannerists—Messrs. Paul and John Nash, and Mr. William Nicholson are the most evident—the pictures harmonise well enough, though, of course, the aims they envisage differ widely. Mr. Steer's seascape alone takes us back to the orthodox impressionist tradition. It has much of his delightful sense of atmospheric colour; the boats and the figures on the shore are perfectly situated in the luminous atmosphere, but later traditions have made us feel the need for some more solid construction, some more definite framework of design. Mr. W. Richard Sickert's *Au Caboulot du Bout du Quai*, is a slight work, but it shows clearly enough what a sad fate he endures. Protesting vehemently as he does that painting is nothing but illustration, consigning the whole apparatus of three-dimensional design, of volumes, of recessions to the devil the moment he begins to paint, he lands himself in the enemy's camp. I cannot imagine the uninitiated being arrested by his account of the charms of his model, and he cannot prevent some of us from being fascinated by the intriguing and felicitous space composition. His infallible painter's instinct is always betraying the perversity of his æsthetic theories.

What a rare pleasure it is for me to be able to praise the work of Royal Academicians—besides Mr. Sickert's, there is Augustus John's *Yellow Jacket*, one of the best things of his I have ever seen. The drawing has an air of marked assurance, and a pleasantly harsh insistence on strong local colours of red and yellow in opposition to the luminous flesh is stimulating. And then there is Mr. Philip Connard, whose *Glebe House* shows that he is too intelligent to exploit his remarkable virtuosity. This seemed to me to record sincerely and unaffectedly, a very genuine experience.

But the artist whose work imposes itself most authoritatively here, is Mrs. Vanessa Bell. Even her admirers must be surprised at the advance she has made. In particular the two large still-lifes, *Pheasants* and *Fruit*, are so amply designed with such nice proportion in the quantities, they are so broad and serene in tone and colour, that one can foresee how easily they will take their place among the old masters of future generations.

Almost as decided an advance is noticeable in two flower pieces by Mr. Keith Baynes. The rather fragile and tentative elegance of his earlier work is giving place to a more vigorous and richer conception. He risks more than he used to do. His harmonies are more difficult and challenging, his forms more solid and convincing. In these two pictures he has brought off some very daring and original oppositions of colour. They are gay, luminous and exhilarating. They hang in company with a flower piece by Mr. Matthew Smith, in which he has—fortunately, I think—mitigated the violence and saturation of his colour, with the result that the works of the two artists approximate much more nearly than one would have thought possible.

Mr. Mark Gertler also contributes a large and serious still life, *Peaches and a Green Bottle*. His intensely individual style isolates him curiously from all his colleagues. He is I suspect the most ambitious artist of the modern British school. The kind of persevering courage that impels him to squeeze the last drop of significance from his subject is rare in this country, where we tend to admire the man who succeeds without taking too much trouble. The first impression of this picture, like so many of Mr. Gertler's, is to me frankly repellent. I suppose that his natural predilections (his taste in colour for instance) are antipathetic to me. But the longer I looked, the more surely, in this example at all events, did this first dislike yield to an excited recognition of the inevitability, the fundamental rightness of the relations. Certainly nothing here has been left to chance, nor is there room for any happy accidents, where all is so intensely pondered and so decidedly stated. Mr. Gertler realises Poussin's notion of "delectation" as the arm of painting. This meant something more akin to intellectual apprehension than to purely sensual pleasure, a kind of sensual reason. Mr. Gertler tries to do an extremely difficult thing. He tries to keep the surface organisation of his picture, its flat pattern, at the utmost strength and yet to realise the spatial and plastic relations of his objects just as vigorously. Since there always tends to be a conflict between these two demands it is "provoking Providence" thus to intensify in both directions. But I almost think he has succeeded here. I wish there were more artists as ambitious as he is.

Mr. Duncan Grant sends only slight works, but some of them of his freshest, most spontaneous quality. A new and delightfully unexpected harmony is realised in his *Pond*, and his *Brighton Beach* is vibrant and luminous.

Among the younger men, Mr. du Plessis is well represented in a number of small pieces. He has certainly discovered a charmingly free and sensitive notation, and his colour schemes have a peculiar delicacy and freshness, as well as being distinctly original. He should take warning from M. Dufy, whose somewhat similar, though less sensitive, method of notation has become a mannerism. He might well take the risk of more solid and concentrated statements.

Mr. Morland Lewis is another young artist with a great deal of promise, and he has succeeded remarkably with his *Band Stand* in pulling off a curious design and a difficult colour harmony.

This exhibition shows that there is no need to despair of the British School at present.

ROGER FRY.

SCHÖNBERG AND STRAVINSKY

NEW works by two of the most contemporary of composers, Arnold Schönberg and Igor Stravinsky, have been given their first performance, in this country during the past week. So far the Royal Philharmonic Society's gold medal has not been awarded to either of these composers; but it seems to me they are rapidly qualifying for it, and I commend the names of Schönberg and Stravinsky to the Honorary Committee of the Society which has given an almost brassy polish to its gold medal in living memory by awarding it to Dame Clara Butt and Luisa Tetrazzini.

Schönberg's *Verklärte Nacht*, Op. 4, a setting of a romantic poem about a woman and moonlight by the well-known German poet Richard Dehmel, originally composed for seven players, but later recast for string orchestra with six solo parts, was played by the B.B.C. orchestra under Adrian Boult, but not for the first time. It preceded the composer's latest important work, Variations for full orchestra, Op. 31, which has not been heard here before, and the comparison was very interesting. In *Verklärte Nacht* Schönberg does not conceal under his advanced technique a rather old-fashioned melodramatic temperament. In fact, I find a strong affinity between the mood of *Verklärte Nacht* and the highly coloured and theatrical pictures of that once famous painter Böcklin, whose *Toten-insel*, or *Island of the Dead*, used to hang in reproductions all over Germany and Switzerland before the War, and was not unknown in this country.

The early Schönberg, even in technique, seems to me a continuation of the style of Wagner with an added dose of what used to be called morbidity, but what is perhaps better described as an unbalanced emotional craving for excitement. One only has to describe the literary basis of most of Schönberg's music to discover this, for we have to admit that Schönberg has the power to realise his conceptions musically. If this were not so we should not be discussing him at all. His Op. 17 is a mono-drama, *Erwartung*, which describes a woman wandering through a forest seeking her lover and finding him dead, "slain near the house of the woman who has taken him from her." Op. 18, *Die glückliche Hand* (*The Lucky Hand*), is also dramatic, "the subject is symbolical and might be described as the pursuit of happiness . . . at the rise of the curtain the stage is almost in darkness. At the front lies a man. On his back crouches a monstrous cat-like creature which appears to be biting him. At the back are dark violet hangings, through which appear in a green light the twelve faces of the chorus, who describe the fate of the man who seeks earthly happiness whilst spiritual happiness invites him. . . ."

This description of the subject matter of *Die glückliche Hand* gives one the atmosphere of most of Schönberg's music. A setting of *Pelléas and Melisande*, which has been once performed in this country, was again typical of the composer's temperament, and was an impressive example of his musical resources; but of later years Schönberg has been more and more preoccupied with theory, and his *Treatise on Harmony* is probably having more influence on living composers than any other work written on this subject. Nevertheless, when I heard his latest work, this Op. 31, Variations for full orchestra this week, I was thoroughly disappointed. In many of Schönberg's other works he does achieve a genuine if not very profound or illuminating expression, but in the Variations there is such a lack of any spontaneity, such a careful, cat-like manipulation of utterly unimportant material that I had the impression strongly that the composer had nothing whatever to say and was merely exercising his knowledge academically.

The case of Stravinsky seems rather different. At the Courtauld-Sargent concert this week he conducted the first performance in England of two new works, a Violin Concerto with Samuel Dushkin as soloist and a *Symphonie des Psaumes* for choir and orchestra sung by members of the Bach Choir. The *Symphonie des Psaumes* was composed in 1930, and the Violin Concerto this year. Stravinsky and Schönberg have this in common: that they began with compositions showing enormous virtuosity in the musical tradition in which they had been brought up. This has to be remembered when considering their common attempt towards self-suppression in their later period. The leopard may change his spots, but the artist cannot change his character, and the spectacle of the composer of *L'Oiseau du Feu*, *Petrouchka*, and *Le Sacré du Printemps* trying to conceal his nature under a cloak of counterpoint may be comic and pathetic to his fellow artists and composers who understand the universal and tragic nature of such struggles, but to us laymen it ought to be, and to me is, impressive. One can have nothing but respect for a gifted and sincere artist such as Stravinsky undoubtedly is, yet one may deplore what seems to me a pusillanimity, a timorousness of spirit such as I find revealed in this Violin Concerto, and the *Symphonie des Psaumes*.

Less gifted or less conscious artists than Schönberg and Stravinsky might have let themselves go, and gone from one early success to another, becoming more and more skilful and effective with each work. But these are times that encourage self-awareness and the artist to-day may more easily, perhaps, get to understand the real character of what he is doing. To a sensitive mind it may be such a shock to discover the simple, far too effective vulgarity of his early successful work, that in revulsion he may seek to strip himself of all his trappings and gestures. To me the *Symphonie des Psaumes* is Stravinsky's penance for *Petrouchka* and other youthful extravagances, and there is a genuine expression of suppliancy and fear in the work, as though the composer had recognised what he was. For this is not arrogant music. Within its limits it is good music, genuine music; but it is the same nature, the composer of *Petrouchka* in a humbler, more awareful frame of mind, using his gifts more carefully and suffering from the common fate of those who become aware of their defects and try to do better—namely, of doing even less well.

As commonly happens when artists feel insecure, Stravinsky begins to make a great fuss about his technique. In the programme note it stated that in an interview he pointed out that although his Violin Concerto lasted only fifteen minutes, "the duration of a composition nowadays can no longer be measured by those of the past. For a Mozart, the invention of the theme, of the themes, represented, if one may say so, the maximum effort; all the rest was made up in great part of a certain formalism, or, at least technical skill had the upper hand over creative fantasy . . . now that every bar is the result of an enormous condensation of thought, so that sometimes in a whole day's work I just manage to write one or two, proportions have changed, and a concert of fifteen minutes is already a monumental work."

Shade of Mozart! There was more repetition, more formalism in one page of Stravinsky's Violin Concerto than in the whole of any one movement of Mozart's concertos. And as for the "creative fantasy," let us not attempt to measure the proportions! But Stravinsky really knows better. When he says, "for a Mozart the invention of the theme, of the themes, represented, if one may say so, the maximum effort," we may interrupt him with "No, Mr. Stravinsky, one may not say so." Then we may add as an afterthought to a composer who has shown himself capable of inventing a theme—"and what themes!—Would that you Stravinsky with all your gifts could show such 'creative fantasy'!"

W. J. TURNER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Midsummer Night's Dream"

IN his production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Old Vic, Mr. Harcourt Williams has relied on subdued colours and a straightforward pattern. The Elizabethan costumes and Cecil Sharp's arrangement of folk tunes make rather plain fare for Oberon and his fairies; the mortals move without excitement, though with a good deal of pranking, towards their wedding-day; and if it were not for Bottom most of the moonlight and gaiety would have gone out of the play. Mr. Ralph Richardson's performance as Bottom was admirable in every way, and elusive in spite of its simplicity. There was a sublime touch of wisdom and conceit in the bumpkin, and with the ass's ears on he became a very courteous, wistful lover. The play-scene went excellently; and Thisbe (Mr. Harold Chapin) added a falsetto to the clowning, which gave it real edge. Mr. Leslie French as Puck was light as thistledown. Titania (Miss Phyllis Thomas) and Oberon (Mr. Robert Harris) spoke and looked well. The rest seemed uncertain how to speak their rhyming lines, and did not always give the poetry its due.

An Idea Spoiled

The unassuming mother of a Billingsgate family who is pressed into the service of the films and straightway becomes a star at £100 or so a week is a fitting subject either for high comedy or deeply dyed tragedy. Unfortunately, treated as these authors have treated it in *Britannia of Billingsgate*, it is merely an exasperation. To make the lady renounce all her success simply because her family is going to the bad on the proceeds is not facing the music. Some lighthearted writing produced some amusing moments; but a hundred amusing moments would not be too many to set beside so many repetitions and so much self-righteous sentiment. For some reason the audience seemed to prefer this to several more worthy recent productions at the Embassy. Perhaps a good deal of the applause was in appreciation of the excellent acting, for which this theatre is now so well known. On this occasion it helped to dispel a lot of dullness.

"Waterloo Bridge"

Out of Mr. Sherwood's acrid, witty and rather painful play, *Waterloo Bridge*, Hollywood has made a piece of shy-making slop, which kept one visitor at any rate in a continual state of pins and needles. The characters have all been softened and sentimentalised, while the author's clear and brittle exposé of a chorus girl of easy virtue who throws away a chance of getting married to a prosperous Y.M.C.A. type of soldier because she sees that it really wouldn't do, is transmogrified into yet another analysis of the painful complications which inevitably arise when King Cophetua loves a beggar-maid. The usual discomforts that spring from the different social status of the chorus girl and her fiancé were treated with a lush snobbery which made one welcome the comparative obscurity of the cinema house. This gross betrayal of Mr. Sherwood's play, this insertion of a whole theme which has no existence in the original, did, however, produce a few moments of relaxation and laughter in the person of Mr. Frederick Kerr's elderly dug-out. Miss Ethel Griffies also gave an amusing little sketch of a rapacious and respectable landlady. Mr. James Whale has made some amusingly characteristic shots of Waterloo Bridge and the neighbourhood, and the air raids were well arranged in an unsensational way. But this is all that can be said for a film which seizes on a distinguished realistic study of war-time London and turns it into "tripe." This is just the sort of film which is called "Hollywood" and gets Hollywood a reputation that is not wholly deserved.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, November 21st—

Gieseking, Piano Recital, Grotrian Hall, 3.15.

Isabel Gray, Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.15.

Sunday, November 22nd—

J. M. Robertson on "The Snare of Optimism," Conway Hall, 11.

Dr. Maude Royden on "Nationalism and Internationalism," Liberal Jewish Syngagogue, St. John's Wood Road, 11.30.

Paul Robeson, Palladium, 3.15.

Monday, November 23rd—

London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

"L'Ane en Peine," by Jean-Jacques Bernard, Translated by J. L. Frith, Westminster Theatre, 2.45.

Short Speeches on "Health and Hygiene in Soviet Russia," London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, 8.30.

Tuesday, November 24th—

Miss Mary Chamot on "French Art," Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

Dr. Percy Dearmer on "French Gothic: Reims, Bourges, Beauvais, etc.," King's College, 5.30.

Philip Guedalla on "The Limits of Biography," Morley College, 8.

Address to University of London Internationalist Society by Prof. H. J. Laski, London School of Economics, 8.

Moscow Arts Theatre Players, Kingsway Theatre.

Wednesday, November 25th—

B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Harley Granville-Barker on "Associating with Shakespeare," King's College, 5.30.

"Passing Through Lorraine," by Lionel Hale, Arts Theatre.

Joan Elwes, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.45.

Thursday, November 26th—

A. D. Lindsay on "T. H. Green and the Idealists," King's College, 5.15.

Sir William Beveridge on "The Meaning of Purchasing Power," Bedford College, 5.15.

"And So To Bed," by J. B. Fagan, Globe Theatre.

Bernard Shaw on "What, Indeed?" Kingsway Hall, 8.30.

Friday, November 27th—

Professor Oliver Elton on "Robert Bridges and the Testament of Beauty," Birkbeck College, 5.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I AM unable to decide when gossip puts on dignity and becomes history. It is easier to tell when, in spite of an historian's pretensions, the scandalous tongue is still merely wagging in deft repetition of what "I have been told on good authority"—the motto over which nearly all the least trustworthy gossip takes the air. No one with a sense of decent equity can fail to see that Suetonius is a purveyor of foul gossip, or that Tacitus is not always the historian he would like us to believe. About living persons gossip, to be gossip and not favoured by honest folk, need not be untrue; if I go to a dinner-party, and my host becomes disgracefully drunk and indiscreet in his confidences, then I, if I repeat what he tells me, am guilty of the nastiest kind of gossip. If, however, I entrust the whole story to my diary, and this falls into the hands of some historian years afterwards, how grateful is posterity, if my host on that occasion be a man in whom posterity takes stock. I confess I am an unashamed and indefatigable reader of that kind of gossip, and would give all the history written by Mr. Hume for one volume of Haydon's diary. I do not know if the taste is a very good one. One can say that any gossip about an author is of importance, because even the most trivial things may throw light on his art, and the philosophy at back of it; it was no use Matthew Arnold puckering his brow in Rugbeian disgust at "the chatter about Harriet," and in distaste of Shelley's deplorable set. As for gossip about politicians, soldiers, philanthropists, bishops or economists—well, it is the business of the biographer somehow to make his subject entertaining.

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So I declare there is all the difference in the world between gossip about the living—friends, enemies or acquaintances—and gossip about the dead. Decent social life is really an important aid to culture, and decent social life becomes impossible if we allow as legitimate the tawdry indiscretions of such recent gossip-mongers as Mr. Gerhardi or Miss Ethel Mannin, of whom it was said the other day she goes farther, and you fare worse. The dead are no longer dependent on our social courtesies; and while it is ill manners to be malicious or scandalous about them, it is not improper to listen to truthful gossip and gain from it knowledge about a man's character. I am fortified in this opinion by finding it most evidently shared by that critic of rare tact and sensibility, Mr. Edmund Blunden, who gives hospitality to a good deal of gossip in his *Votive Tablets* (Cobden Sanderson, 10s. 6d.). Mr. Blunden is, of course, no gossip-monger. He is a literary critic of so deft a delicacy that his shrewdness, his patient scholarship, and his solidity of judgment may not have justice done to them. Two of the best essays in this book, which is packed with good things, are on Shelley. Mr. Blunden would put Shelley higher as a poet than I should; but I feel that his knowledge of the details of Shelley's life, his sympathetic understanding of the difficulties created by Shelley for himself, and by the inevitable result on others of his character and convictions, give perspective and solidity to his estimate of Shelley's poetry. Mr. Blunden's enthusiasm leaves the unfavourable comment implicit; but it is there for the discerning.

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Shelley is not with the greatest because of that ignorance of men and women which was so fatal in his conduct of his life—he saw Man perfectible, only by obstinacy kept from perfection, and Woman, the adorable, kept from divinity only by her sense of possessiveness. Directly he met the individual man or woman—whether it be Harriet, or Godwin, or Elizabeth Hitchener, or even Mary, he is astounded and dismayed, and shrinks, like the traveller of old, from this "*monstrum horrendum informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*"

This blindness of Shelley's to the individual, while it keeps him from the highest poetic mastery, gives his best work that air-conquering quality which makes him the poet of generous and triumphant youth, the lovely, ineffable thing praised by Mr. Blunden:

> The secret and the talisman is at all events for ever young, fine and ready to renew its enchantment in Shelley's poems; there is the spirit beautiful and swift, with its convocation of all the clearest light, sound and motion that humanity was ever able to conceive, its pageantry of Eden and Olympus, of azure Italy and worlds on worlds in the divine abyss. Here Pan's sweet pipings make a silence, save for the low concent of liquid Peneus, hard by the haunt of the moonlight-coloured may, the wild roses and ivy serpentine. There is no repeating and recounting these beauties, these symbols of Shelley's essential life, without a strengthened persuasion that the poet who spent his short years so laboriously in attempting the impossible by this world's reckoning was indeed an intelligence apart, Orphic, beyond our measure; this music, flowing free as a fountain, has witchcraft in it and defies locality.

It is no surprise that Mr. Blunden can so write about Shelley. What may surprise some of his admirers is to find how generously and with what admirable sense he writes on people very remote from that unlocalised harmony. Here are essays on Cobbett of the *Rural Rides*, on Henry Mackenzie, on Robert Southey's *The Doctor*, on Charles Churchill, on Richard Steele, on De Foe, on Hood's literary reminiscences, on Elizabeth Smart Le Noir's recollections of Dr. Johnson and an error of Boswell's, and on that ambitious poem which "has never in its three centuries employed overmuch the general reader," Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*. These essays, and the same is true of others I have named, contain a rare amount of imaginative criticism. How good, for instance, is this: "One of the characteristics which Hood and Lamb had almost equally was the power of emotional utterance, suppressed by a desire for the lighter side of life, and, when it found a way, intensely earnest and straightforwardly complete." How apt, in the essay on Skelton, is his quotation from Miss Strickland who, on the assumption that Skelton was tutor to King Henry VIII, remarks: "How probable it is that the corruption imparted by this ribald and ill-living wretch laid the foundations for his Royal pupil's grossest crimes!"

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In all the essays it is by his shrewdly apposite use of gossip that Mr. Blunden shows his understanding of his subject. He never indulges in a mere catalogue of tales, or the recital of impertinent personalities. A model in the personal kind of essay is *A Boswellian Error*. Mr. Blunden has a most unusual talent for taking a man, and putting him and his work in a fresh light. I doubt if we have seen in recent criticism a more brilliant piece of genuine reconstruction than the essay on Charles Churchill, which ends with the bold comparison of that poet's *Gotham* with Christopher Smart's *Song of David*. Again, on a subject so well-worn as *The Rejected Addresses*, Mr. Blunden is fresh and full of pretty shafts of wit, and quick summaries of qualities—"the grim pettiness of Gifford"; "W. T. Fitzgerald, a bard whose laurel was always hired, and has been removed from him;" "the glittering garrulity of Erasmus Darwin." Even now, in spite of *Undertones of War* and the fine life of Leigh Hunt there are too many readers who speak of Mr. Blunden as if he spent his life with the lesser fauna of the countryside. No doubt these creatures are preferable to much literary society; but Mr. Blunden's interests have never been bounded by a haystack or confined in the barton. Yet in one essay he has surprised me, who thought I knew his scope, with the profundity of his sympathy. There can have been few better tributes to John Bunyan than *The Spirit of Bunyan*, done for the tercentenary. It is a lovely essay in the appreciation of a spirit very remote from the author's, and with what frank gladness does Mr. Blunden welcome that tortured mind's progress "from obscure crudity to bright vision, from restless reckonings of hell to singing visions of heaven, from far-off wonders to the beauties of home."

RICHARD SUNNE.

CRIME IN LIFE AND FICTION

Crime and its Detection. Edited by W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. Gresham Publishing Co. Two vols. 30s.

The History of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard. By MARGARET PROTHERO. Jenkins. 15s.

It is natural for a detective novelist to open any book on "real crime" with a hope that it may bring grist to the mill, that a new plot, a murderer of unusual character, or at the very least a new clue or method of homicide may be forthcoming. But those who open the two fat tomes edited by Mr. Teignmouth Shore with these hopes are doomed to disappointment. It is true that there are some interesting articles—notably that entitled "Science and the Detective" in Part I, and it is true that Part II contains accounts, much better written and put together than the average "real crime story," of ten well-known murders, some of which the hard-worked novelist may be able to turn into a plot of his own, though most of the usable ones have in fact been used already. But here are no new and sensational methods of causing death or of disposing of the body; indeed, real life is seen to fall lamentably behind fiction in originality. No murderer shoots his victim with an icicle blown from an airgun, as did a murderer known to Mrs. Anna Katharine Green; or conceals his victim's body by electro-plating it and turning it into a studio couch, as in Miss Dorothy Sayers' ingenious story. Real murderers shoot, stab, chop, hammer, or at most poison their victims; and in too many cases either leave the body lying out for anyone to see, or bungle horribly, like Crippen and Patrick Mahon, in their efforts to dispose of it.

Neither do real detectives detect, in the sense in which detection would be understood by most detective novelists of respectable standing. They do not have brilliant brain-waves and arrive at psychologically impossible conclusions on infinitesimal data; nor do they often have to solve incredibly difficult cryptograms or chess-puzzles. Father Ronald Knox, indeed, should find his heart leap up to see the vindication, on p. 80, of at any rate part of the methods of Sherlock Holmes. Tobacco-ash, it appears, *can* be analysed, classified, and recognised, and the famous monograph on "A Hundred and Forty-seven Varieties of Tobacco Ash" is thus in the soundest tradition.

Dr. Thorndyke, also, is another practitioner whose methods would be approved by the compilers of this book. The most interesting article, that on "Science and the Detective," recalls, in many of its instances, some of Dr. Thorndyke's cases, and actually pays nearly as much attention as does that monumental object to the subject of Dust and its provenance. (Alas! however, the writer of the article thinks Dr. Thorndyke's little vacuum-cleaner out of date and unreliable, and prefers to use some new-fangled gadget invented by the Air Ministry.) But, in general, the two great standbys of the real detective appear to be a card-index and a capacity to eavesdrop. The majority of criminals are caught, not by processes of deduction, but by looking up all suspects in the records or by getting their associates to give them away. And neither of these processes is really dramatic or detective-like, in the sense in which detective "fans" understand the word; the one is very dull, and the other rather sordid to contemplate.

There are at least two other reasons why a study of "real crime," even as competent a one as this, is not very helpful to the detective novelist. One is the demand, made by nearly all readers, to be *surprised*. In a great many cases the real detective knows perfectly well who the criminal is; the difficulty is (*a*) to catch him, and (*b*) to make a case against him which his defending counsel cannot pull to bits—the last being commonly the harder. Few crimes are in reality brought home to "the last person anybody would suspect." But the reading public is not amused by the slow building up of a case; it demands an exciting *περιπετεία*, and writers who use real crimes for their plots generally have to invent a new and startling *dénouement* as Mr. Connington did for the Newcastle Train Murder or Mr. Iles for the Armstrong case.

Lastly, the detective story is a game, and, like other games, should normally be played in pleasant surroundings. In other words, a detective story, to give pleasure and satisfaction, should in the ordinary way be set among a reasonable number of "sympathetic" characters. But in real life that is seldom the case. Murderers, generally speaking, are not sympathetic characters; and the murderer who murders in the heat of passion or for political reasons, with whom one might, perhaps, reasonably sympathise, tends to be so incompetent or so careless of detection that there is no story to be made out of his capture. Who wants a novel based on the disgusting exploits of Neill Cream? Nor are the "love-affairs" which lead to murder generally of the inspiring kind. One can feel a contemptuous sympathy for George Smith's brides, but hardly for George Smith's own emotions, or for Dougal's or Mahon's, and the love-affairs mentioned in these ten stories are uniformly sordid. Much of the excitement over the Thompson-Bywaters case was due to a realisation of the strength of the passion, whether socially desirable or not, which possessed the protagonists. In general, interesting as the first of these volumes is, the aspiring detective novelist must read it for itself alone, and not with the hope of sordid gain.

Miss Prothero's book is a slight popular account of the origins and history of the police forces of the Metropolis, including notes on several of the better-known cases of the past century. It is mildly interesting, but would be of more value if its author's command of English were rather more adequate and her views upon social questions a little less naive.

G. D. H. AND MARGARET COLE.

ROSEBERY

Lord Rosebery. By the MARQUESS OF CREWE. Murray. Two vols. £2 2s.

Many reviewers, many editors, many distinguished persons will, no doubt, hand out their bouquets to Lord Crewe for this life of his distinguished father-in-law, the late Lord Rosebery. Indeed, the "chorus of praise" has already begun to go up in the daily and Sunday papers, that polite chorus of clichéd praise which the respectable editor is expected to lay upon these mausoleums in which the firms of Macmillan or Murray bury the reputations of ex-Prime Ministers. We hasten to join the chorus and to do what is expected of us. If the reputation of an ex-Prime Minister has to be biographically buried in two volumes, Lord Crewe performs the operation admirably. If the life of the ex-Prime Minister and Knight of the Garter has to be written by his son-in-law, ex-Secretary of State for India and Knight of the Garter, Lord Crewe performs the operation admirably. His two volumes are "of the greatest interest," and "they will remain for all time the authoritative biography of Lord Rosebery." In other words they tell us exactly what we already know; they contain a good many interesting letters and memoranda of Rosebery and occasionally of other distinguished persons; they are written in an undistinguished, usually clear, but occasionally muddy style; they give us a view of

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Lord Rosebery's career and character which will commend itself to the most severe canons of good taste which have been established as "English" by the best type of public-school master.

But if one's intellectual curiosity is unfortunately not completely bounded by the lines of good taste drawn by generations of Eton and Harrow masters, one cannot help trying to peep over the top or round the corners of Lord Crewe's massive mausoleum. One may even have the bad taste to regret that these two volumes tell us practically nothing about Lord Rosebery that we did not already know, and absolutely nothing about the political history of England and his place in it. For there is no real reason why the political biography of a contemporary statesman should be written in the style of the Albert Memorial and a *Times* obituary. If anyone doubts this statement, he should read the recent life of Gustav Stresemann by Antonina Vallentin. That remarkable book shows the two lines of interest which the political biographer may follow, and what a fascinating book he can write if he follow them intelligently and successfully. First there is the purely psychological problem, the understanding and portrayal of the man who inevitably lay behind the statesman and the policy. Second, there is the political and historical problem, the task of seeing as a whole the political environment, the current of history and its relation to the psychology of the man and to the policy of the statesman.

Those who are interested in contemporary history and the vagaries of the human head and heart, will regret that such things are disallowed by the standards of Eton, the Albert Memorial, and Harrow. For if they were allowed, Rosebery's character and its relation to the realities of English political history from 1860 to 1914 might have formed the subject of a book of absorbing interest and great historical value. Even Lord Crewe has to admit that Rosebery had a very odd character and that he was a perpetual enigma to his contemporaries. There is a perfunctory explanation and summing up of character in this book, but there is naturally no psychological analysis or understanding. Rosebery is an enigma on the last page just as much as he was on the first. One cannot pretend to solve the riddle, for material facts are concealed from us. For instance, it is characteristic of this kind of biography that the real relations between Rosebery and the members of his Cabinet are never explained to us except in the most general terms. At the end of the book we know that Rosebery and Harcourt could not agree—a fact which we knew before Lord Crewe wrote his father-in-law's biography. But the real relations between Rosebery and his Cabinet in 1894 and 1895 are crucial for a true understanding of his psychology (and, indeed, of our political history). Rosebery is not the only Prime Minister who has had in his Cabinet a powerful and hostile colleague who had hoped and expected to occupy 10, Downing Street. There must be some other explanation of his complete failure as the head of a Government, a failure which in after years he seems to have half admitted and to have half refused to admit to himself.

One does not know what the real cause was of Rosebery's failure in positions of the greatest responsibility. Gladstone once expressed doubt whether he possessed that curious quality called common sense, and his lack of it may explain much. More perhaps may be explained by a very deep-rooted want of confidence in himself. It is a remarkable fact that from the occasion in 1873 when Gladstone offered him the Lord-Lieutenancy of Linlithgow, to the occasion in 1916 when Mr. Lloyd George offered him a post in the Coalition Government, there was hardly one single post offered to Rosebery which he did not begin by refusing. The persistence of this coyness to accept responsibility of any kind was almost ridiculous; the reasons which he gave and probably believed for refusing were nearly always absurd. It is impossible not to conclude that the real explanation of his reluctance was an unconscious conviction that he would fail. It is even possible—such are the strange vagaries of the human mind—that he was not only convinced unconsciously that he would fail, but wished unconsciously to fail.

Rosebery's relation to the political history of our time is even more interesting than his psychology. When that history comes to be written, it will be seen that Liberalism as a political force in Britain was destroyed in the twenty-five years from 1890 to 1914. The British, we are always told, hate general principles, but no political movement and no political party can exist for any length of time unless it is based ultimately upon political principles in which its adherents and leaders really believe. The strength and endurance of Parties of the Right in all countries, and notably of the aristocratic-plutocratic Tory party in Great Britain, come from the fact that these parties are founded upon a fervent belief in the general principles of Conservatism. The Liberal Party was destroyed by a lack of faith in—some would say a betrayal of—Liberal principles. In that destruction Lord Rosebery and his Government, his Liberal Imperial Council and those Liberal Imperialist followers of his who after the death of Campbell-Bannerman controlled the party's policy, played a decisive part. It is characteristic that the discussion of such questions finds no place in Lord Rosebery's biography.

LEONARD WOOLF.

GOOD EASY MAN

Everybody's Business. By HARTLEY WITHERS. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Withers' pleasant and discursive account of the economic system undoubtedly reflects the sweet reasonableness in himself for which he pleads in others, and, at a time when the intellectual decease of most of his contemporaries has been announced in the correspondence column of the centre page of the *Times*, his simple philosophy has a certain survival value. But sweet reason will not cure the trade cycle even if it helps us to endure it, and in any case Mr. Withers' good nature carries him too far. He is prepared to accept, and would like us to accept, the inequality of wealth arising from inheritance because considerable entertainment can be derived from the contemplation of the vagaries of the idle rich and this constitutes "an immensely important contribution to the supply of immaterial goods." As an example he points out that only a leisured class can support the fox-hunting which furnishes the material for the thrills and laughs of hunting pictures in *Punch*. This presupposes a sense of humour on the part of the unemployed which would infallibly lead them to point out that there are some very good jokes about the dole. It is noticeable that the tolerant smile on Mr. Withers' face as he contemplates in Chapter IX "the bright and gaudy farce that is played by the more notorious performers on the stage of what is called society," disappears when Chapter X confronts him with abuses of unemployment benefit. Moreover the eclecticism which goes with Mr. Withers' good nature constrains him to present in a rather uncritical way every possible aspect of the situation, and the reader is left with something like the following impression:

Great Britain is a prosperous country on the verge of ruin. We are not inefficient, we are not poor, we are not living on our capital. Up to 1929 our rising standard of living was not higher than we could afford since it was accompanied by increased productivity and an increasing volume of employment. The root of this trouble was the disinclination to work which affected all classes in England. In addition the country is handicapped at home and abroad by oppressive and vicious taxation mainly due to a huge public debt, the cost of which we collect from ourselves and pay back to ourselves without reducing the national wealth in the slightest. Since 1929 we have suffered from a world crisis precipitated by the immense increase in the power of mankind to make and grow the good things which we want. This great spurt of productive progress we owe principally to the organising class which spends a life of harassed effort, impaired digestion and strained nerves for the fun of the thing. Taxation of the rich reduces their ability to take off the surplus of good things and the transfer contributes to the plentiful buying power of the multitude which the pioneers of mass production recognise as essential to the profitable conduct of industry on a large scale. To cure the resultant unemployment we must put our backs into it and shorten hours all round.

This is unfair to Mr. Withers', but it illustrates the process that leads him finally to a plan for a benevolent dictatorship which adopts the tariffs of the Conservatives, the maintenance of wages desired by Labour, and the national schemes advocated by the Liberals.

Again it must be sheer good nature which introduces Mr. Amery as one of the most brilliant Protectionist champions of to-day and peppers the book with unnecessary references to more or less imposing authorities in support of quite simple facts. Mr. Withers would not give the date of Christmas without quoting ecclesiastical authority. One unfortunate result of this is that the exposure of the fallacy in the Ricardian theory of value is attributed to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. We shall be told next that the doctrine of comparative costs has been demolished by Sir Henry Page Croft.

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THE FAR AND THE NEAR

Prince Jali. By L. H. MYERS. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The Waters Under the Earth. By MARTHA OSTENSO. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

Festival. By STRUTHERS BURT. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.

Brothers in the West. By ROBERT RAYNOLDS. Harpers. 7s. 6d.

Bread. By KARL HEINRICH WAGGERL. Martin Hopkinson. 7s. 6d.

Saint Michael's Children. By MARTIN BEHEIM-SCHWARZBACH. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

Seven Days. By ANDREAS LATZKO. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

The period covered by *Prince Jali* is the same as that covered by Mr. Myers' former book, *The Near and the Far*, but the events are seen entirely through the eyes of the young Prince, whose emotional and intellectual development forms the theme. The fact that those events are supposed to have occurred in the reign of the Emperor Akbar seems, for the first fifty pages, quite irrelevant; for Jali, apart from his extreme precociousness and his tendency to weep and throw himself upon the ground, is indistinguishable from a sensitive, introspective adolescent of our own time and place. His heart-searchings, his discoveries in the realms of philosophical speculation and of psychology, related in Mr. Myers' grave, lucid, exquisite but not self-consciously exquisite prose, are familiar to us; but, although familiar, delightfully fresh, because they are related by an artist. It does not cross one's mind to question whether a young Indian contemporary of Sir Philip Sidney would have meditated and suffered in exactly this way, for Jali is a character in the round, and one soon becomes absorbed in the problems which beset him. He is troubled not only by his own private problems, but by the intrigues with which he is surrounded, and of which his parents believe him to be oblivious. These intrigues concern the political situation. Akbar has two sons; it is highly doubtful which of them will inherit the throne, and the question has arisen to which of them shall Jali's father, the Rajah, his uncle Hari Khan, and others, adhere. One of the sons, Danyal, has set up a lakeside camp of flimsy, fantastic architecture, where he and his friends make merry, indulge their perverse sexual tastes, patronise "modern" art, and produce Danyal's scandalous plays. Jali pays clandestine visits to the camp; and it soon becomes apparent that the author's intention is, while preserving the reader's interest in Jali, to depict, thinly disguised, that section of contemporary London society where wealth, the arts, and affectation meet, and where pretension and silliness display themselves with a callow candour which evidently does not appease Mr. Myers. The sixteenth-century Indian setting turns out, then, to have been but a cloak, the strangeness and the savagery a camouflage—the author's heart and mind were not in them. With this discovery our interest in Jali and in court intrigues vanishes; we read on in a bored, cynical mood, almost expecting Prince Danyal to employ the Imperial Russian Ballet. It is a pity that Mr. Myers cheated thus, for he has a mind of considerable subtlety as well as a style.

The Waters Under the Earth is a story of the kind which Miss May Sinclair unfolds with such loving care; a growing family of boys and girls dominated and thwarted by a narrow Nonconformist father; there is even the sister, crossed in love, who becomes odder and odder, until she finally commits suicide. The scene is a small town in America. The heroine, Carlotta, beautiful, independent-minded, brilliant, a poetess, belongs more to day-dream than to reality; but Miss Ostenso has skilfully rendered the young Wellands' inability to cope with their father's assumption that any view of life other than his own is wrong.

Festival belongs to the Louis Bromfield brand of American fiction—conscientious, would-be sophisticated but essentially naive, readable but unrelated to literature. Compared with Jali, the cultured middle-aged business man, Dorn, is an ingenuous boy. When the New York architect who loves Dorn's unhappily-married daughter says "Sitting still and thinking is the greatest adventure there is," a feeling of almost maternal protectiveness comes over the reader; for all these conceptions, all that here passes for thought, are the activities of an adolescent mind occupied in discovering truths which grown persons take for granted. But an adolescent mind can have flashes of imaginative insight, and Mr. Burt does not show even that much promise. As an author he sees and feels through the veil of other people's novels.

Brothers in the West and *Bread* have much in common, for both cover the lives of their heroes from early manhood to death or old age, and both deal with man's struggle to wrest a living from the soil. But whereas the German novel deals with one man's narrow life in one place, the American novel is a formless chronicle of the adventures of two nomadic brothers who do not settle down till two-thirds through the book. Then, having in their years of wandering acquired flocks and herds, wives and children and followers, they set up a sort of communal farm, which they leave only to die. The author is objective and romantic; he bathes everything—the hardships of camping in mid-winter, of building your own house, of childbirth without benefit of midwife, even of jealousy—in an atmosphere of sweetness and light. It is not credible that such a number of people should have travelled and lived hugger-mugger for so long without friction, nor are Jean's diary and the brothers' conversations in character.

The author of *Bread* also is an objective writer, dealing in action and circumstance, not emotion; but he is far more realistic than his American counterpart, and is not in love with his hero. The book has not the "epic quality" claimed for it by the publishers, and its style suffers at times from a facetious, exclamatory colloquialism. Furthermore, it is rather dull, perhaps because man's struggle with the soil is a dull theme and one not enlivened, unless the writer be a Hemingway, by the objective method. But the book has a thoroughness and integrity which one admires; compared with it, *Brothers in the West* is cinema-stuff.

St. Michael's Children is also translated from the German, and so *Seven Days* may be assumed to be, although no translator's name is given. The latter, which has an improbable plot and an undistinguished manner, is by way of being a serious novel bearing on social and economic conditions in Berlin. *St. Michael's Children* does in a typically German way, that is to say rather laboriously, what Mr. Charles Williams does with such verve in his religious "shockers." Both believe in evil as a force capable of investing individuals and working through circumstances of apparently normal origin. Evil is thus arrayed against a group of inspired children who, in the fifteenth century, start on a pilgrimage to Mont Saint Michel. The book is a considerable success, for though its atmosphere is grotesque rather than mystical, the adventures of the children hold the reader's interest, and there are many charming incidental touches to lighten the Gothic gloom.

E. B. C. JONES.

THE SOVIET CHALLENGE

Soviet Foreign Trade. By J. M. BUDISH and SAMUEL S. SHIPMAN. Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.

My Russian Venture. By Mrs. CECIL CHESTERTON. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

Soviet and Soul. By SIDNEY TAYLOR. Houghton Publishing Co. 5s.

What Russia Intends. By BRUCE HOPPER. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The Challenge of Russia. By SHERWOOD EDDY. Jenkins. 10s. 6d.

Stalin. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Benn. 6s.

Stalin. By ISAAC DON LEVINE. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Here are more books about Russia. In all of them the reader will find profit and amusement in varying degree. None of them, except the first on the list, is definitely partisan. Messrs. Budish and Shipman are pleading the cause of Soviet trade with America, and they naturally paint it in the most favourable light. This does not mean that they are unfair; and their book—with its statistics and its accounts of the chief Russian products, lumber, furs, manganese and the rest, its chapters on labour conditions and on the alleged dumping by the U.S.S.R.—certainly deserves the most careful study.

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton and Mr. Taylor are lighter reading. Mrs. Chesterton has an easy and rather gay style, though she can be grave on grave matters. Her adventures consisted in the main of more or less friendly to-dos with railway officials, consuls, hotel people, food queues, bugs, and the Russian language. She has the advantage over most tourists of having gone to some out of the way parts of White Russia, and her observations on what she saw and heard are often very shrewd. She has some pretty strong dislikes of her own; State Socialism,

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mass production and standardisation are not to her taste, and she now and then makes a hasty statement for which she offers no evidence (e.g., "Stalin wills for a complete Communism that eliminates individual expression, social or economic.") But she is enthusiastic for co-operative farming; she is impressed by the keenness and power of the youth in Russia; and she is convinced that the Five Year Plan as a whole is going to succeed.

Mr. Taylor's tour was on the beaten track. He gives us sketches of Moscow and Leningrad and the Upper Volga, of factories and prisons, the Red Army and the G.P.U., religion, the position of women and children. He is generally interesting, but sometimes out in his facts and figures. Leningrad, for instance, is not "half mediæval"; there is nothing of it earlier than the time of Peter the Great. The membership of the Communist Party is not 600,000, but three or four times as much. Three hundred and fifty roubles a month is not the highest salary in Russia. And there are not now 2,000,000 of the *bezprizornie*, or homeless orphans, in the U.S.S.R.—if ever there were so many. They have been nearly "liquidated" and the latest official estimate puts their total at about 5,000. On one point Mr. Taylor and Mrs. Chesterton make a common lament. Woman in the new Russia has gained in freedom and influence, they find. But, alas! economic pressure, aided perhaps by Communist discipline, prevents her from indulging her "harmless feminine vanity." That is Mr. Taylor's phrase. Mrs. Chesterton takes it harder, for she holds that "vanity is one of the most important attributes of woman." But whatever may be the truth about that, the eclipse of femininity is very far from total, and it is not in the least likely to be permanent. The lipstick is in use to-day (nor is it so very expensive), and silk stockings and other gewgaws will come presently.

Dr. Bruce Hopper and Dr. Sherwood Eddy are both Americans who know Russia well, and they go wider and deeper into their subject. Both are critical, but both give credit for good achievements, and Dr. Eddy finds a great deal to praise. They are at one in believing that Soviet Russia constitutes a challenge to America and to the world—and there are many who share their view. Those who do not should read these books, which discuss the socialisation of industry and agriculture, the development of matter and mind under the Five Year Plan, the political dictatorship that permeates and orders all this activity, and the historical and moral forces that have shaped the whole.

Stalin, "the man of steel," whether you think him a villain or a hero, or a bit of both, is undoubtedly a big personage. A good deal has been written by Russians, but not much is known abroad, of the story of Joseph Djugashvili (for that was his real name), the Georgian shoemaker's son, who was trained to be a priest, and became a revolutionist, the disciple of Lenin and finally his successor in the dictatorship. These two books by Mr. Levine and Mr. Stephen Graham throw a good deal of light on Stalin's career and on the history of the revolution. But the light is not too reliable. Both authors are anti-Bolshevik enough; but they differ somewhat in their prejudices and in their methods of emphasising them. Mr. Graham treats Trotsky with contempt; he calls him "Lenin's town crier, not much more than that, though possessed of great conceit"—which is absurd. Mr. Levine takes Trotsky's side against Stalin. His account of the struggles and intrigues, during Lenin's last illness and after his death, among the Communist leaders, is fuller than Mr. Graham's. But the bitterness of his temper and the extravagance of his style spoil his book, and one feels that neither he nor Mr. Graham has got to the bottom of their complicated theme. There emerges from each, however, the essential Stalin—a shrewd, practical man, with no gift of imagination, but a first-rate organiser; courageous and cool-headed; educated, but rude in manner; devoid of vanity, incorruptible, seeking nothing for himself except power; loyal to his party and his ideals. Lenin recognised his qualities and the defects of them. Trotsky, to his own undoing, persistently underrated him.

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This is a book which needed to be written. The number of marriages between Indian students and English and American girls has increased rapidly during the last twenty years, and in nearly every case the wife is utterly ignorant of the East, and of the kind of life which lies before her. Mrs. Das spent her earliest years in Switzerland, but her parents moved to America and it was as a student in California that she met her husband, a young Oriyan who was studying the manufacture of sugar. She was thus more travelled and better educated than most of the girls who contract such marriages, and she was fortified by a belief that this individual union would enable her "to get closer to India's life and India's needs" and help in the liberation of "a great ancient race." Nevertheless the experiment was a failure, and though she remained on good terms with her husband until the end, it was clear that the conditions were too difficult for her.

To some extent the trouble was due to poverty. Miss Hauswirth was brought up in a country where honesty and scrupulously tidy houses were the invariable rule. Her husband was forced to take her to the ordinary Hindu lodging houses, or to the poorer type of bungalows where her life was one continual struggle with dishonest servants, disgusting sanitary arrangements, and the ever-present bed-bug. She soon discovered that "the majority of middle-class Indians did not seem to care how they lived," and there is a description of a visit to an engineer friend in Bombay which enables even those who do not know India to understand her reactions.

> His home was one of the first places to which I had been invited to dine. Broad steps, cluttered by the wares of fruit vendors, led to the entrance door. A dirty narrow hall-way took one to the stairway, at the foot of which lay a crippled sheep, fearfully deformed. The building even boasted an elevator which ran for a few hours each day. The steps of the stairways were of steel, the landings of cement, both indescribably filthy. The numerous servants used these landings for sleeping and dining. Moreover, there was no question that at times, too lazy to go to the flush-toilets at the end of the hall-way, they employed the stairway also as a latrine.

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suffer. "The mingling of European and Hindu blood seems to favour physical beauty, but to bring forth mental strain, warring duality of soul. Or else this psychic conflict is imposed from the first baby years through inimical social conditions surrounding these children." Mrs. Das takes a number of typical cases amongst her acquaintances, and discusses their history with a freedom which may be slightly embarrassing to the originals, for although she gives no names, most people who know the limited society of Anglo-India will recognise one or two of the cases selected. The general verdict of this book would seem to be that under modern social conditions the odds are too heavily weighted against the success of these marriages, but that there is no real objection on racial grounds. Mrs. Das would recommend that in all cases an English or American girl who was contemplating such a marriage should pay a visit to India, and see her future home and her husband's family before tying herself irrevocably. It is possibly a counsel of perfection. It would certainly have prevented a number of tragedies.

SHORTER NOTICES

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Mr. Dunbabin has made a really interesting volume from the official and newspaper reports of the ships and men who sailed into and out of Sydney harbour in the half-century following the city's inauspicious foundation. Especially he has drawn upon the historical records of Australia issued at the behest of the Commonwealth Parliament, and his stories of explorers, privateers, escaped convicts, cannibalism, treasure-seeking, smuggling, and the no less violent adventures of the sealing, whaling, pearl, sandalwood, Maori flax, and other less reputable trades carried on in Australasian waters, lack nothing of documentation. Hard times and hot living, when murder and mutiny were commonplaces, when a convict might rise to be a wealthy merchant and shipowner, or a common sailor marry a Maori princess! Upon the most casual trip men took their lives in their hands, and scum of the earth as they were, with very little redeeming salt, they got their blows in first and asked no questions afterwards. Grim tales, but none the less good reading for the fireside. There is a great book to be written on Mr. Dunbabin's theme; if he confessedly has not attempted to write it, still the material is here.

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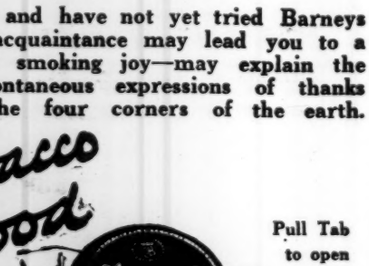

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About Motoring

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ONE very curious by-product of the financial crisis is that the professional car thief finds his occupation seriously hampered. In more normal times his motto was small profits and quick returns. When hundreds of duplicates of such cars as the cheaper Austins, Morrises, Singers, Citroëns, Essex, Buicks, Standards, Fiats and the like were on the road, and fetching good secondhand prices, comparatively little craft was required to drive away with an unattended sample. Immediate safety could be insured by a lightning change of number plates, and the car was then driven to one of the numerous garages utilised by the gang. Here the stolen vehicle received a few obvious attentions. Its original engine and chassis numbers were faked with the aid of chemicals in much the same fashion as the cattle rustlers of the Wild West faked the brands of stolen beasts. Any non-standard parts were removed to hamper identification, and all was ready for covering the trail of subsequent resale. The simpletons in the industry sold direct to some innocent member of the public, and insured a ready market by accepting a few pounds less than the standard rate for a car of a given make and date. The experts would confuse their traces by passing the car through several hands before taking the final profit. I am afraid that certain of the smaller and less reputable dealers were often ready to play a hand in this game, provided they could protect themselves in the event of police inquiries; and this was no very difficult problem. But all at once the country was involved in a serious financial crisis on the top of a large measure of "saturation" of the motor market. Traders could no longer sell new cars unless they accepted a used car in part payment; and before long the big dealers were glutted with second-hand cars for which no very obvious market existed. The immediate consequence was that it no longer paid to steal, for example, a middle-aged Morris-Cowley. Every big dealer had a dozen such cars, and was at his wits' end how to convert them into cash. So the average professional car thief found his occupation gone. The essence of the game is to get rid of the car before detectives come nosing round; and the thief with a dozen cars in process of transmogrification was naturally on tenterhooks when a policeman investigated his repair or coachbuilding shop. The betting was that one of his stolen vehicles would be identified somehow.

The general effect is that nowadays it is very tolerably safe to leave a cheap mass production car unattended. If it is stolen, it will probably be "reduced to produce," as the Royal Air Force phrase it, and that within a very few hours. Everything which is separately saleable and useable will be stripped off it and disposed of piecemeal, and it will cease to exist as a complete vehicle. But this sort of deal shows the maximum of risk for the minimum of profit, and appeals to the pilferer rather than to the scientific thief.

The expensive cars, however, do not share this immunity. There is still a splendid market for a first-class car at a tempting price. But to steal a car of this sort requires brains and organisation. The individual car is marked down, and the habits of its owner are studied. The scouts notice that he usually visits a certain house or office on given days at a regular hour, and leaves it outside for an average period of, say, half-an-hour. Finally, a well-dressed man enters it with an air of possession during one of these periods, and parks it outside another house or office not too far away. He rings up his accomplice, and makes himself scarce, establishing some sort of an alibi with the aid of cronies, who have planned a meeting for this purpose. The accomplice picks up the car from its parking place, and drives it to a repair shop of some sort in the neighbourhood, where a squad of mechanics are ready to alter its appearance very thoroughly. The registration numbers are destroyed. The works marks are changed. The body is repainted in new colours, first-class hands making a first-class job of the camouflage. Any distinctive accessories are removed, and very probably special fittings from the thieves' store are added. In a week or less the original owner might completely fail to identify it. The organisation includes several garages, which in addition to lending a hand in such illicit transactions assist in covering up the traces when a profitable theft is afoot. Within a month the car, unrecog-

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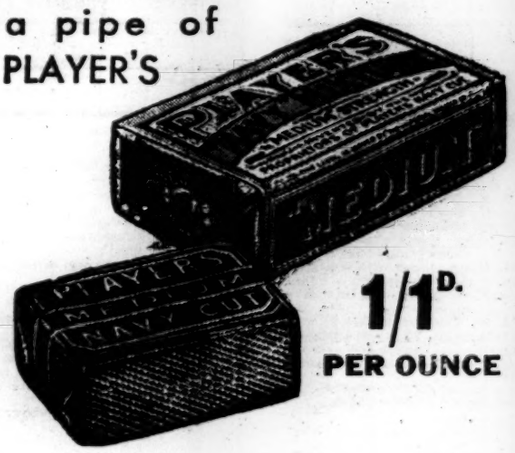

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nisable as it is, is located in an entirely different part of the country, and its progress from one pair of hands to another is covered by a wad of business letters. Its journeyings are not performed, as one might think, under imaginary registration numbers; if any difficulty exists about arranging for black-and-white private numbers, it will travel under red trade plates, and its trips will be formally entered in an orderly logbook. The super thief runs no risk of having a false number dotted down by a constable and conceivably verified if the driver should commit some road offence, or become involved in an accident. Eventually by some trick or other the car will again be endowed with a legal registration, and will find a new owner; for even in these hard times a £1,500 car in excellent order can always command a buyer. Some of these stolen cars are even sold to honest traders. A well-dressed scoundrel will pose as a gentleman overtaken by financial losses, who will ultimately mention a price well below the real market value of the car. But a better price is naturally obtainable from a private owner, a great number of whom are now in all innocence driving stolen cars. When prosperity returns, the trade in cheap stolen cars may not revive, as the nation has unquestionably reached a modest pitch of saturation, in the sense that very few people will ever again buy new cars as straight cash deals; and when many thousands of cheap used cars are accepted by the honest trader similar cars are not worth stealing.

It is rather a slur on the industry that so few cars are designed with efficient thiefproof devices. Any efficient locksmith can provide a lock which is not easily picked. Moreover, suspicion is always created when a man attempts to pick a lock in broad daylight; he may casually remark to interested observers that he has lost his key; but such an excuse always creates suspicion. It is obviously useless to fix such a lock to the ignition, as any competent electrician can shortcircuit practically any device of this kind. It is better to fix it to the fuel feed, and better still to embody it in the transmission. This simple addition to a car considerably complicates the thief's task; the car still can be removed under cover of darkness, or whenever time is not important. But a car with a good transmission lock is not easily stolen in broad daylight.

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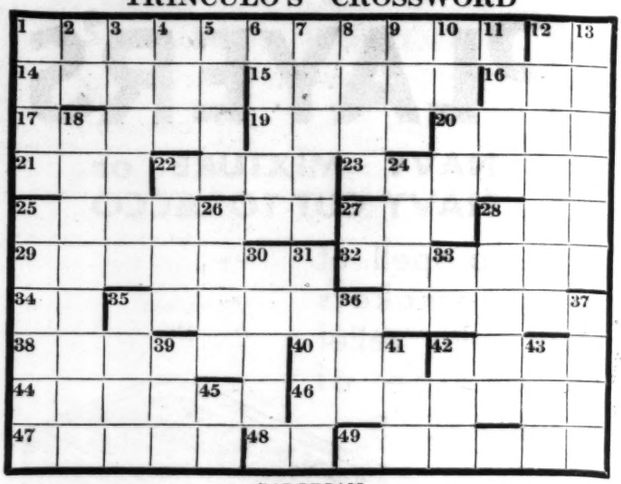

SALOPIAN

(References in Italics)

ACROSS.

1. *One of the quietest places under the sun.*
12. *See* 35.
14. My lore is not necessarily ancient.
15 *rev.* Rhizome or lace.
16. *When this and* 25 *dn., I got good advice from a wise man.*
17. Burning, and with wrath in it too.
19. Seek your employer in a tangled plot.
20. Shakespeare clad me in a sunset mantle.
21 *rev.* Term applicable to maidenhood.
22. Average, or perhaps below it. ?
23. Doctor, thou lovest—on the stage.
25. *I and* 10 *dn. are ashes under* 3 *dn.*
27. *See* 31.
28. 16 and 23 *dn.* are of me.
29. *By me the broom blows.*
32. College near Lincoln.
34. He's just back again.
35. *With* 12 *ac., stone from the Isle of Portland.*
38. *Look for me on the graves of unlucky lovers.*
40. Presumed end of the Palladium.
42. Collapse of an upward flight—and on the river.
44. Thus are vulgarly described the offspring of miscegenation.
46. *My flowers lie thick in field and lane.*
47 *rev.* Associated with a Lord Chancellor's namesake.
48. I was aboard the ark with 45 *dn.*
49. *My chimes play The Conquering Hero Comes.*

DOWN.

1. *Blood is a rover, but I lie still.*
2. Indicates the spectacular.
3. *See* 25 *ac.*
4 *rev.* Colours often, but seldom those who carried them.
5. Harmonious joy.
6. Work is in this category: so are rheumatism and cold mutton.
7 *rev.* A one-time officer loses his "gee."
8. *He keeps his house all kinds of weather.*
9. 15 *ac.*, is not.
10. *See* 25 *ac. and* 3 *dn.*
11. Apparently William I looked forward to my day.
12. To torment in old French.
13. Gases are this that lie low.
18. The question is, what is behind it?
22. I'm not so obstinate if you walk in me.
24 *rev.* Caesar's wife, above suspicion.
25. *See* 16 *ac.*
26. Not an intelligence test but a measure of capacity.
27. Multiply with 45 *dn.*
28 *rev.* Associated with an island in the Thames.
30. Alumni et alumnae.
31. *With* 12 *ac., Doomsday is a long way further.*
33. Found in a bean, with the vitamines.
35. Citadel in ruins.
36. You might give £1 for this.
37. Much blown-about straw.
39. Familiar enough in Paris after 45 *rev.*
41. Austrian reverse reversed.
42. On the Turf, my plural has no singular.
43. Our's an inversion.
45. *See* 48 *ac.* and 27 and 39 *dn.*

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. forementioned. 10. opisometer. 14. Eli. 15. lapidate. 17. tan. 18. ma(tte). 19. ice-cream ("Stop me and buy one"). 21. smash *rev.* 23. air. 24. xanthein. 25. (ch)ok(ee). 26. these-s. 28. Orvie(tan). 30. eyes. 32. ties. 35. sili(con). 38. ousted. 41. Niagara (R.A. *after* again *rev.*). 42. Ursa. 43. leadworks. 45. seismometrist.

DOWN.—1. foliaceous. 2. opa city. 3. riper. 4. excise *rev.* 5. tsardom *rev.* 6. em. 7. (o)tte(r). 8. elm (*Desire under the Elms*). 9. diaskeuast. 11. state *rev.* 12. ether. 13. Isar *rev.* 14. inane *rev.* 16. Aeneid. 20. ohm *rev.* 22. moe. 27. Hessi(an). 29. vigor. 31. stas (tass). 33. mane *rev.* 34. side. 35. 'twas. 36. lari (rail). 37. irks. 39. ure. 40. elm. 44. eo(n).

BRIDGE

Illustrative Hand No. XXIX. Immediate Overcall in Adversary's Suit.

North:		*East:*	
♠ 97	♥ 10942	♠ QJ8	♥ Q863
♦ J1062	♣ 752	♦ 97	♣ AJ103
West:		*South:*	
♠ A6542	♥ None	♠ K103	♥ AKJ75
♦ AKQ54	♣ KQ9	♦ 83	♣ 864

Score: Love all. South deals.

The Bidding:	South	West	North	East
	1 ♥	2 ♥	No Bid.	3 ♣
	No Bid.	3 ♦	No Bid.	3 N.T.
	No Bid.	4 ♣	No Bid.	5 ♣
	No Bid.	No Bid.	No Bid.	

An immediate overbid of the adversary's suit, in the earlier stages of the bidding, shows control of the suit on the first round and a very strong hand (say 4 Honour-tricks). It is thus a semi-forcing bid.

In the example given above, West has 4+ Honour-tricks and can control the Heart suit by ruffing. East has a "biddable suit," but not a very good one, and cannot encourage West to bid a slam. As the cards lie, a slam can be made; but only because the adverse Clubs are favourably distributed.

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ADELPHI.	GRAND HOTEL.	Wed. & Sat.
ALDWYCH.	TURKEY TIME.	Wed. & Fri.
APOLLO.	THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET.	Th. & S.
CAMBRIDGE.	ELIZABETH of ENGLAND.	Th., S.
GLOBE.	AND SO TO BED.	Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	STAND UP AND SING.	Wed. & Sat.
LYRIC.	AUTUMN CROCUS.	Wed. & Sat.
PHŒNIX.	LITTLE CATHERINE.	Wed. & Sat.
QUEEN'S.	BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.	W. & S.
STRAND.	COUNSEL'S OPINION.	Th. & Sat.
WESTMINSTER.	THE ANATOMIST.	W., S.
WYNDHAM'S.	THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY.	Wed., Thurs.

THEATRES

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Wednesday, November 25th.—"The Insect Play" (Capek).
Thursday, November 26th.—"Trelawney of the Wells" (A. Pinero).
Friday, November 27th.—"Getting Married" (G. B. Shaw).
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

COMMODITY PRICES—RESTRICTION AND DESTRUCTION—AUSTRALIAN BONDS AND "EQUALITY OF SACRIFICE"

THE maiden fortnightly account on the Stock Exchange opened in the gloom of a break in commodity prices. Wheat had lost a third of its recent advance and silver had dropped 3 9/16d. or 16½ per cent. in a single day. Not even the spectacle of a Free Trade President of the Board of Trade introducing a stiff tariff to counter "dumping" brought any cheerfulness to the market in British industrial shares. It would seem that the Stock Exchange had suddenly remembered the wise sayings of Ramsay MacDonald at the Guildhall Banquet: "The doctrine of economic self-sufficiency has broken down . . . the task of the present Government does not lie in the field of domestic legislation but of international negotiation for the settlement of world trade . . ."—wisdom which has already become part of the Apocrypha of the National Government's Bible. Now the reaction in wheat and silver prices was to be expected. American speculation had carried the advance too high—wheat No. 2 Winter Chicago from 44⅞ cents per bushel at the end of September to 68½ cents on November 7th, and silver from 12 15/16d. per oz. on September 19th, to 21 9/16d. on November 10th. Nevertheless, it was encouraging to find that the gold prices of primary products, according to the *Economist* indices, had actually shown a rising trend for six weeks ending November 11th. The theorists had contended that while the sterling prices of commodities would rise, the gold prices would fall—until the gap corresponded roughly with the depreciation of the pound sterling in terms of gold currencies. They anticipated a fall in gold prices on the ground that world trade would be slowed down by exchange restrictions and uncertainties, by the banking crisis and by a deepening of the slump in the gold standard countries. The gold prices of primary products did at first decline—from 100 on September 18th to 94.7 on September 30th, but by November 11th they had risen to 103.5. The spell of the depression had, at any rate, been broken. Courage was given to face a financial collapse in Germany and any further quantity of bank failures.

* * *

Sooner or later, whatever French politicians may do, the trend of commodity prices will be influenced by the usual agencies for restriction of output which are set in motion by a prolonged trade depression. The acreage under wheat, for example, has been reduced by 20 per cent. in Argentina, by 25 per cent. in Australia, and by 18 per cent. in America (for winter wheat). And although the acreage sown in Canada is larger, the yield is expected to be 25 per cent. less. Oil production in America has been curtailed by 15 per cent., as compared with 1929, and the American Petroleum Institute is now proposing to call a world conference of producers to see whether Roumania and Russia will come into the restriction line. A great conference of copper producers is now sitting in New York, and although the Belgian delegates are constantly booking and cancelling their liner tickets home (they may be sailing by the time these words are in print), it is expected that a world restriction agreement will sooner or later be signed. The tin industry is already subject to international control, the Governments of British Malaya, Nigeria, the Dutch East Indies, Bolivia, and Siam having legislated a restriction of 35 per cent. and set up an International Pool to take surplus stocks off the market. This is by far the most ambitious of the international schemes of control, if we except the Chadbourne restriction plan for sugar. Where no international agreement is necessary, Governments can take sterner measures. The Brazilian Government, for example, is burning its way to success. It has set up a National Coffee Council with powers to collect a tax of $2.43 on every bag of coffee exported from Brazil. This revenue is used to buy up surplus coffee, which is then dumped in swamp land, covered with oil and burned. At present the Council is burning on an average 20,000 bags a day. It may be significant that coffee joined wheat in the recent spurt in prices. When the milky cup of coffee in City restaurants next year costs more, we shall think bitterly of the burning dumps of oil-soaked coffee beans in Brazilian swamps. The fault of all restriction schemes is that production is rarely curtailed fast enough to meet a falling consumption, but when the turn comes it is restriction which makes the advance in prices steeper. After the glut, the shortage.

* * *

As an old, and once rabid, critic of Australian finance and economics, I raise my hat to the Commonwealth Government in admiration of the revolution they have peacefully carried out. Readers of this journal may like to compare how a financial crisis was handled by one Labour Government in an "outpost of Empire," and by another in the Mother Country. The backgrounds, of course, were very different, but the centrepiece of the crisis was the same—unbalanced Budgets or Government insolvency. And the same cry was heard for a cut in the dole, in wages, and in Government expenditures. Mr. Scullin, the head of the Labour Commonwealth Government, did not turn Conservative, but he had a Philip in his treasurer, Mr. Lyons, who split the party and became National Labour. The Lansbury of the scene was Mr. Lang, Premier of New South Wales, who had an attack of Bolshevism and defaulted on his State loans. There was much bitterness of feeling, but in the end the Scullin and Lyons parties decided to work together and Mr. Lang was starved into partial surrender by the banks and the Federal treasurer. The essential part of the national readjustment scheme was a compromise between the banks and the Labour Governments and between the *rentier* and the wage-earning classes. Each side appreciated the other's powers and limitations. The basic wage rates were cut, but so also were the interest on the internal Government debt and the interest on mortgages and loans. The fall in retail prices has reduced the Commonwealth basic wage by nearly 25 per cent., and similar reductions followed in all the States except New South Wales (Mr. Lang has not yet surrendered all along the line for the basic wage rate remains in his State at £4 2s. 6d. per week, plus child endowment). The voluntary (*sic*) debt conversion scheme had the effect of reducing interest on £556,000,000 of debt by 22½ per cent., and legislation has been passed in every State providing for a 22½ per cent. cut in fixed-interest obligations. Government expenditures have been severely cut down, and while there is still a deficit of £16,000,000 over all the Budgets, it is expected that the Budget equilibrium will be restored in three years except in the case of recalcitrant New South Wales. It may, therefore, be held that Australia is the only country in the world which has really met its financial crisis on the basis of "equality of sacrifice." But perhaps Mussolini claims the same for Italy.

* * *

Nevertheless, I think the market in Australian Government stocks has gone ahead too fast. Not only have the Australian Budgets not yet been balanced, but the trade balance is not yet sufficient to take care of the heavy interest obligations on the external debt. For the twelve months ending June 30, 1931, the surplus of exports (excluding gold) over imports was £15,300,000, while the total interest requirements on the external debt of the Governments and public authorities amounted to £36,000,000. Gold exports in 1930-31 amounted to £13,000,000, bringing the surplus of visible trade to £28,300,000. The War debt holiday gives a relief of £5,500,000, but it is clear that with all the gold reserves exhausted the interest payments on the external debt are not within the capacity of Australia unless a substantial rise occurs in the prices of her primary products—wheat and wool. I estimate the rise that would put Australia right at 50 per cent. in the case of wheat and 25 per cent. in the case of wool—from the levels ruling this week. It must be borne in mind that even after the recent flutter in the American markets wheat prices are no better than the average realised by Australia in 1930–31. The Stock Exchange, however, has marked up the prices of Australian Government stocks (*vide* the table which follows) as though the advance in wheat and wool prices, which alone can safeguard interest payments, were already assured.

Security.	Prices 1931. Lowest.	Present.	Yield per cent. Flat. £ s. d.	Red. £ s. d.
Australian Commonwealth, 5 per cent. 1945–75	57	84	6 1 0	6 3 0
New South Wales, 4 per cent. 1942–62 ..	30	67½	5 16 6	6 17 0
Queensland 5½ per cent. 1934–36 ..	67	90	6 5 0	8 15 0
South Australia, 3½ per cent. 1934 ..	70	84	4 9 0	10 0 0
Victoria, 3½ per cent. 1929–49	40	66	5 7 0	6 17 6
West Australia, 6 per cent. 1930–40 ..	66	93	6 12 0	7 0 0

To rate Australia's credit at nearly 6 per cent. in the present state of the world crisis involves taking a very optimistic view of the immediate future.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

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Education Department, County Hall, Truro. F. R. PASCOE, Secretary for Education.
17th November, 1931.

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